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THE NATION

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FRAGMENTS OF A VERSE PLAY

Simone Weil

Translations and Note by William Burford

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LETTERS

'there will be solidarity'

New York City

DEAR SIRS: Jean Carper ["The Real Crime of Dr. Spock," *The Nation,* Mar. 11] puts her finger on one of the few encouraging factors in our whole situation today: "The government cannot tolerate the kind of rebellion Dr. Spock represents." Cannot tolerate it because of the dimensions of the threat.

For we are not going to allow Benjamin Spock and a few others to take the rap for the rest of us. There will be solidarity. May I call the attention of *Nation* readers to two possibilities, one small, the other larger, in which they might want to cooperate? David Mitchell is in jail right now for refusing induction because he insisted that "patriotic obedience in crime does not establish innocence" —the Nuremberg verdict on Goering. A benefit to help pay Mr. Mitchell's continuing legal expenses was held at the American Place Theatre, Sunday, Mar. 17. The larger matter is this. At Columbia University over 100 faculty members have signed a statement expressing solidarity with Columbia students who refuse induction. Those of us who helped draw up and distribute the statement recommend that the faculties of other colleges follow suit. Copies of our statement can be obtained from David Caplovitz, Social Research, 605 West 115th Street, New York 10025.

Eric Bentley

command performance

Washington, D.C.

DEAR SIRS: John Horn's column in the Mar. 11 issue of *The Nation,* as it referred to *Meet The Press,* contains some errors which are damaging and which I hope that you will want to correct:

(1) The President did not "order a command performance from a network." We had been trying for some time to get McNamara and Rusk for *Meet The Press* interviews, and when we heard that both might be available, we sold the White House on the program. *Meet The Press* was not commanded to do anything, nor do we accept commands.

(2) The President did not designate "in advance who shall sit on the panel." I picked the panel, as I always do, and when I had picked it, I told Bob Fleming of the White House who would be questioning. The panel was one we had already picked and announced for a program with General Taylor, except for Elie Abel of *NBC News,* who was substituted for Ronald Goralski of *NBC News.*

(3) I don't know what you mean when you say *Meet The Press* is "a controlled environment." Certainly there are a "limited number of reporters" and time limits the number of questions we can ask, but a reporter is always free to ask any question he desires and to press as hard as he wishes for an answer.

Lawrence E. Spivak

The phrase, "designating in advance who shall sit on the panel," was added to Mr. Horn's analysis on the basis of news reports published after his column was submitted to the magazine. We are glad to accept Mr. Spivak's statement that he alone selected the panelists. As to his other points, Mr. Horn comments as follows: "If there is any doubt about the President's ability to order a command performance as stated in the context of my column ('A mayor, governor or President does not make news so much as he is news'), it should be cleared up by the following two statements:

(1) The President seems to have, I believe, sufficient

(*Continued on page 476*)

EDITORIALS

Once More, With Blood

The massive retaliatory raid staged by the Israelis following a wave of Arab terrorist acts conducted from bases in Jordan has compounded the problems besetting the peace efforts of UN representative Gunnar Jarring. This seemed to be the main concern of the major powers when the Security Council met again in emergency session on the latest round of violence in the Middle East. Even before that outbreak, a negative response from the United Arab Republic had forced Ambassador Jarring to shelve a promising device whereby Israeli and Arab diplomats might have coexisted, if not actually conversed, at Mr. Jarring's headquarters in Cyprus. The flaring up of hostilities across the Jordan River reopened wounds that show exceptional resistance to healing.

The Security Council debate occasioned still another outpouring of emotional arguments on both sides, but the desire of all concerned to keep the Jarring mission alive (from lack of any alternative course) was reflected in efforts to obtain a unanimous resolution dealing strictly with the present incidents, and without touching upon the balanced set of principles given as a mandate to the Swedish diplomat. The large-scale Israeli attack, launched to wipe out bases of terrorist raids in Jordan, was condemned in severe terms in the resolution adopted by the Security Council; but the acts of provocation which had preceded the raid were not ignored completely, being deplored under the label of "violent incidents in violation of the cease-fire." This was the price for the affirmative vote of the United States, a price readily accepted by the Soviet Union, which supports the Arab position up to the point where it threatens a new eruption of armed violence. Nevertheless, the American and Russian representatives immediately after the vote gave diametrically opposed interpretations to the text that they had both approved.

Since the June war, this has become the pattern in UN decisions on the Middle East. Jordan and the U.A.R. go along with the equivocal approach, which is denounced violently by more extremist Arab governments like Algeria, and humorously by the representative of Saudi Arabia, Jamil Baroody, self-appointed guardian of international morality and candid observer of "Emperor's clothes." (At a recent meeting of the Security Council, after Arthur Goldberg had demonstrated a knowledge of the Russian language, Mr. Baroody exclaimed: "If the representatives of the United States and the Soviet Union begin to speak Russian to each other, God help us!")

The latest blood-letting has called attention to new and serious problems in the development of Arab terrorist groups and the methods which Israel has chosen to cope with them. There is no doubt that Israeli soldiers discovered on the east bank extensive evidence of para-military activity in locations alleged to be refugee camps or civilian villages, but it is less certain that a full-scale offensive against such bases will stop acts of terrorism and sabotage for any length of time. Much was made in the Council of the patriotic character of "acts of resistance to

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occupation forces" and the abhorrent nature of official expeditions of reprisal. Some speakers had in mind World War II, some thought of anti-colonial liberation movements, some of Vietnam. These analogies tarnish the moral prestige of Israel. Localized responses to terrorism, on an approximately congruous scale, are more acceptable to the international conscience, and possibly as effective.

Yosef Tekoah, UN representative of Israel, implied that further raids would be met by further reprisals. Such a cycle of violence could hardly add to the security of the Jewish State. Furthermore, a repetition of the armed attack of March 21, while bringing UN sanctions into the realm of possibility, would make it more and more difficult for Jordan and the U.A.R. to move toward peace.

On the other hand, these governments, especially Jordan, cannot avoid the responsibility for and consequences of terrorist organizations they do not sponsor but refuse to disavow or curb, letting guerrilla warfare on a rising scale serve as a substitute for a policy. They must understand that, in the absence of any indication on their part of a readiness to move toward some acceptance of Israel, the latter's policy is bound to be based on force and military occupation as the only instruments available.

ANNE TUCKERMAN

The Great Cleavage

The cries of agony, the recriminations and counter-recriminations that resound through the land, the skipped heartbeats and the eyes looking fearfully over the shoulder—all these are signs of the New Politics. The Old Politics is being torn asunder, and many a politician knows not which way safety lies—or if there is any longer a locus of least danger.

The conflicts are within the parties, even within families. Between fathers and sons bitter contention is to be expected at such a time, but in *The Wall Street Journal* Alan Otten writes. "It's a commonplace at Washington cocktail parties and dinners to watch an influential Johnson aide or Johnson backer in Congress squirm while his wife blasts away at the President's Vietnam policy—and often at the President himself." And it's only April. What emotions may be expected to boil up as the weather and the campaign grow warmer!

Between the various opposing candidates there will be personal as well as political differences, in which Eugene McCarthy may be expected to play the most gentlemanly role and Lyndon B. Johnson the least. Both Johnson and the Kennedys have long memories; among the latter it goes back to Joseph P. himself, a dangerous and formidable enemy, as many a businessman had occasion to learn. So if you decide against Robert—whoever you are and wherever you may be—be sure that it will be noted and that the memory will still be fresh in 1972, when Kennedy will be only 46. As a hater, Johnson cannot be excelled. While Kennedy is dispassionate in public, the President is a poor dissembler when anger wells within him, as it does these days most of the time. By these two and by their cohorts, arms are being twisted, toe holds applied. And again the pressure is only beginning.

Sectional loyalties are disintegrating. In Texas a strong

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candidate is running for Johnson's old Congressional seat under the slogan "Bring Lyndon home." Campuses are divided (but none is for Johnson as far as one can see). Labor is splitting, especially in California. Paul Schrade of Los Angeles, a district director of the 1.5 million-member United Automobile Workers, is the third prominent labor leader in that state to come out against Johnson. He and Gilbert Simonson of the United Packinghouse Workers are for Kennedy; Leonard Levy, a vice president of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, is running on a slate pledged to McCarthy.

Money talks, but those who give it often squeal. In Washington, the bite is being put particularly on civil servants of Grade 15 and higher, with salaries ranging from $18,400 up. They are being invited to a $250-a-plate dinner on April 4. Some have always objected; this year the objections are more numerous and more vocal because of the Vietnamese horror. In some cases bargain rates are offered: five officials may pay $50 apiece and share one plate. According to a *New York Times* report (March 26), one participant in a Maritime Administration meeting quoted the acting administrator of the agency as stressing the usefulness of keeping a "clean file." The administrator denies it.

Money is probably less of a problem for Kennedy than for Johnson, but politically the splits in one camp are matched by splits in the other. Richard Goodwin is still working for McCarthy, Arthur Schlesinger (no surprise) for Kennedy. And some of the Kennedy people in Washington are "loyal to Lyndon"—Orville Freeman, Stewart Udall, Averell Harriman, Nicholas Katzenbach, and of course Dean Rusk, who was trying to sweet-talk Vermont Gov. Phil Hoff into not endorsing Kennedy (Hoff did). And Sargent Shriver is going to Paris, far from the bivouacs along the Potomac. But it is best not to name too many names, for no one knows what the morrow will bring.

Nor are the Republicans united behind Nixon, although their divisions are less noisy. A coalition has been made up to seek alternatives—Hatfield, Percy, Lindsay, besides Rockefeller, who, if he takes a sane stand on Vietnam, may still cut the ground from under Nixon.

Even as recently as St. Valentine's Day, American democracy seemed to be somnolent, but who will say that now? The result no man can predict, but certainly the action should pump some health into the body politic.

The McCarthy Phenomenon

The emergence of Eugene McCarthy as a genuine contender for the Presidency is a once-in-a-lifetime political happening. He entered the contest purely on principle, and said himself that he had no thought of actually wresting the nomination from Johnson. All he proposed to do was to bring the issue of Vietnam before the American people and force a change to a policy befitting a civilized nation.

But the nation, especially some of its younger members, proved to be more civilized than the conduct of the Johnson Administration had led most of us to suspect. It was like drilling a water well, expecting to pump up a few gallons a minute, and hitting a gusher. If Wisconsin follows the lead of New Hampshire, a flood might start which would actually sweep McCarthy into the White House. The odds are against it, but if it happens it will be a tribute to the sagacity and humanity of the American people.

Even if McCarthy loses, the significance of the showing he is sure to make is beyond exaggeration. What he has done is to start the conversion of the old parties, with their spurious appeals to the voters and their dominant interest in the spoils of office, into new national groupings revolving around national values that had been all but forgotten. McCarthy had intuition that this potential remained among a large proportion of the voters, and he had the courage to act on it—almost alone.

In this issue we feature an article by Dr. Grant McConnell that goes into this matter in more detail. The new issues have a "value" aspect that makes them awkward to handle through the old-style "economic" or interest-group type of coalition. Value issues, being essentially *moral,* cut right across and through all kinds of interest groups, as in the case of labor, part of which is for the war (war means jobs), part against (war means sending sons to die, and for what?). No less important, these new constituencies tend to be *national*, ignoring regions, sections, localities and even interest-groupings. So McCarthy, aware of this shift, is making an intelligent and conscious appeal to the new national constituencies.

He speaks to these constituencies quietly, sensibly, as if he respected them and expected them to respect him. Part of his base is the approximately 30 per cent of the voters, some independent and some affiliated, who are disenchanted with the leadership of both parties.

Whatever happens between now and the conventions, the McCarthy phenomenon is likely to be regarded in the future as one of those breakthrough campaigns of great interest to political scientists who search for significance amid the ephemera. He is doing, in a new way consonant with the changing times, what Al Smith did in 1928. Smith lost, but the coalition he put together sent Roosevelt to Washington and kept the country from falling apart. We are now witnessing another breakthrough—it had better succeed.

Put Spain on the Agenda *Now*

One factor that cripples democratic politics is that the mass media live exclusively in the present, exaggerating the salable triviality of the moment beyond all bounds of taste or reason. Consider the British import, Twiggy.

When it comes to serious matters, the opposite policy is followed. In 1953, we made a "defense pact" with Spain rather than a treaty, since the latter would have required Senate ratification. Under this pact we built four major bases, spent billions of dollars, made the Falange's position impregnable for the time being, created a pleasant life for our embassy people in Madrid, and buttered up Franco with ceremonial visits from Dean Rusk, Adlai Stevenson and other statesmen of note. The pact ran for ten years and was duly extended in 1963 for another five. It comes up for renewal or reconsideration in September of this year. From reading the newspapers or newsweeklies, who would know it? Presumably State Department officials at the appropriate desks are gravely weighing the pros and

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cons, but as far as the media are concerned, the expiring pact does not exist. As one consequence, public opinion on the subject does not exist either, except among the Veterans of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade, the Committee for a Democratic Spain, and a few other interested parties who, precisely because of their interest, are regarded with suspicion by ignorant Americans.

The September date should now be put on Senators' calendar pads, and the Foreign Relations Committee should be preparing to hold hearings on the matter. At home Franco is politically weaker than ever before; he may live another five years, but it is better than an even bet that within that period he will be politically dead. His troubles increase with every passing day. The ordinary Spaniard, who is possibly less afraid of death than the man of any other nationality, is speaking up louder and louder; legal defense in political cases is becoming bolder; elements of the Roman Catholic Church are in open rebellion. The whole Franco edifice is shaky, and what are our molders of public opinion doing about it?

The fraud of "nonintervention," underwritten by France, Britain and the United States, sealed the fate of the Spanish Loyalists and brought on World War II. Franco thereupon aligned himself—covertly at least—on Hitler's side. We no longer need the bases (if we ever did need them). After the H-bomb crash at Thule, and the loss of four similar bombs off Spain two years ago, the Pentagon is finally coming around to the view that the airborne alert is useless. If, despite these conditions and purely on the basis of obsessional "anti-communism," we give Franco another lease on life, and predictably at a higher price this time than last, we shall have proved that we are the world's greatest political suckers.

The Farce of the Year

By a vote of sixty-seven to one, with thirty-two abstaining, the Senate has finally adopted a code of ethics for its members, and for Senate employees earning more than $15,000 a year. The single Nay vote was cast by Senator Aiken, who has a low tolerance for eyewash. He felt—and the terms of the resolution bear him out—that the code gives the impression of dealing with a problem that has bothered the Senate for a long time, but actually does no more than cover it up. After the Dodd affair, and by comparison with the tough talk when the ethics investigation was first projected, the outcome is ludicrous.

In some respects the situation is worse than it was before the resolution was adopted. Part of the problem was—and still is—that certain "gray areas" call for clarification. Many of these borderline activities have never been problems to the more scrupulous members of the body; they just didn't do such things. For example, should members of a Senator's staff—employees paid by the public—be used for campaign purposes, particularly for money raising in connection with campaigns? Many Senators regarded this as improper; for one thing it gives an unfair advantage to a Senator running for re-election against an outsider contesting his seat. But now the Senate has given its approval to the practice by declaring that if a Senator's employee makes $10,000 a year or more he may participate in such activities. In other words, the key people may pitch in; only stenographers and such are barred.

Another point concerns the collection of money for non-campaign purposes. This has often presented more of a problem than campaign expenses per se, especially when such contributions come from lobbyists. Yet now the Senate has opened the door wide by stipulating that such panhandling is perfectly in order, as long as the contributions are used to defray travel expenses, TV appearances, printing and mailing of speeches, newsletters and reports to constituents (actually a form of electioneering), telephone, telegraph, postage, subscriptions, etc., in excess of official allowances. But for what other purposes could the Senator use such contributions legitimately? Presumably he is not given the money to buy roses and perfume for female members of his staff, or bonded bourbon for visiting constituents. In these respects the resolution actually lowers the existing informal or implied standard, enabling a Senator to do with assurance what was previously regarded as somewhat dubious if not downright improper.

What the resolution says about Senate staff "moonlighting" is probably as effective as can be expected, but this relates back to the Bobby Baker case, on which the Senate was substantially united from the start (how could it be otherwise?). But taking it in its entirety, about all that can be said for this enactment is that it is a first, small, timid, ineffectual step. The view that any straw should be grasped was what impelled Sen. Joseph S. Clark and other strong proponents of tough ethical standards to vote for it. Some felt the requirement that each Senator must file a copy of his income tax return and certain other data with the Controller General may have an inhibiting effect, despite the fact that the tax return may leave much to be desired on the score of disclosure, and that the documents will be held in a sealed envelope, to be examined only on a majority vote of the ethics committee. Such examinations, we may be sure, will be rare.

A Faculty Speaks

Bowdoin College's contribution of distinguished citizens to American life goes quite far back into the past—forgotten President Franklin Pierce, Hawthorne and Longfellow (both of the class of 1825), Gen. Joshua Chamberlain (hero of Little Round Top), explorer Robert Peary. The college abides peaceably amid the pine forests of Maine, a few miles from Winslow Homer's ocean. Last week, however—perhaps remembering that *Uncle Tom's Cabin* had been written by a Bowdoin professor's wife—more than 50 per cent of the Bowdoin faculty signed a statement pledging "support to those of our students who nonviolently resist a war which repels their consciences and ours."

The statement was not merely a product of "young faculty militants"; eleven full professors signed it. And while several colleges and universities have issued declarations of amnesty to students jailed as draft resisters, the Bowdoin group becomes the first faculty majority willing to risk prosecution for its moral support of students trapped in the dilemma which the Johnson Administration has created for them.

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OFF AND RUNNING

What Works for McCarthy

W. DAVID GARDNER
Mr. Gardner is a Massachusetts newspaper man and free-lance writer.

Boston

One reason why Sen. Eugene J. McCarthy selected Worcester for his first major address in the Massachusetts primary campaign was that Joseph C. Casdin, the city's Mayor, had publicly endorsed him. At that time in February almost no one gave McCarthy a chance of winning Massachusetts' seventy-two delegates to the Democratic convention, and reporters covering the Worcester trip—well versed in the Bay State's Byzantine politics—speculated as to the Mayor's game. On the local level, to support Senator McCarthy in conservative Worcester was tantamount to committing political suicide. On the state level, Mayor Casdin was clearly defying the State Democratic Committee. And on the national level, backing Senator McCarthy would not help Worcester to obtain the federal favors that the city desperately needs.

On being questioned, Casdin said he was supporting Senator McCarthy as a "matter of conscience." When politicians make that sort of remark, reporters turn cynical—at least, they do so in Massachusetts where the typical politician, if he has a conscience at all, seldom follows it. Nevertheless, the reporters tended to accept the Mayor's explanation, because they could imagine no other. Casdin had nothing to gain and everything to lose.

In many ways, the people like Mayor Casdin who support Senator McCarthy's anti-war campaign in Massachusetts are even more interesting than the Senator himself. When McCarthy captured the Massachusetts delegation after President Johnson declined to enter his own name or to back a stand-in candidate, enthusiasm for McCarthy had been expected to peter out from lack of opposition and a clean contest. Exactly the opposite is happening. Senator McCarthy's supporters are more determined than ever, forming committees, sponsoring rallies, throwing art shows, canvassing voters door to door with increased vigor throughout the state. Indeed, they are working out their anti-war aggressions in activity that looks as much like therapy as campaign work.

McCarthy and his aides, coming from sparsely populated New Hampshire, were clearly surprised by the size of the Massachusetts crowds the Senator drew. At an afternoon rally in the Sidney Hill Country Club in suburban Boston, for instance, the Senator attracted some 2,000 persons. The great majority of them were suburban, middle-class housewives, many of whom had to hire baby sitters. A similar middle-class audience of 1,500 came to hear Senator McCarthy speak at Holy Cross College in Worcester. At both Holy Cross and the country club, the audiences were openly sympathetic to the Senator and his views against the war. The audiences responded to his now famous "low-key" style in a low-key manner—polite but firm applause without cheering and whistling.

McCarthy's most vocal support is centered in the state's colleges, among both students and faculty. An indication of the depth of this anti-war sentiment occurred at Smith, where more than one-half the 2,300-member student body went on a liquid-diet fast to demonstrate anti-war sentiment there. A leader of the fast at this women's college said its purpose was "to dispel the conception of dissenters as self-interested draft protesters."

The President's refusal to run himself or to sponsor a stand-in candidate in the primary offended many students. Several of them phrase their feeling as follows: The Administration complains that many student demonstrations and anti-draft activities are unpatriotic and illegal. The students, however, now feel that they have no other recourse since the President turned his back on the democratic process when he ducked the primary.

"No large number of people has moved across the line into active opposition to the war," McCarthy said in Massachusetts, "but I think people are moving much closer to that line, to a point where they could become outspoken against the war."

That statement is a leitmotif that runs through the Senator's campaign, and the middle-class make-up of his Massachusetts supporters indicates that he may be right—that anti-war sentiment in the state has moved from the professional radicals and is now entrenched in broad segments of the population. In a recent referendum on the war in Concord, Mass., a conservative Republican town, nearly 40 per cent of the voters opposed the war. There are more than 150 active McCarthy for President Committees in communities across the state and his aides in Boston say that the only communities that aren't now covered by their own committees or by regional committees are small communities in remote areas.

The Cape Ann Regional McCarthy for President Committee is typical of the committees around the state. Beginning with a handful of persons in Gloucester in early February, it has grown to cover a cluster of cities and towns in the North Shore area of Metropolitan Boston. The towns with well-established McCarthy for President Committees send organizers into towns where the going has been slow. Joseph E. Garland, chairman of the Regional Committee, says there are no political professionals involved in the regional effort. Garland himself, a writer, has never before been active in politics.

Hatred of the war is what holds all the volunteers together and there have been surprises among the people who have come into the group (William Bundy's sister-in-law is active in the campaign in one town; a woman from the South who likes George Wallace is so strongly opposed to the war that she is campaigning for Mc-

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Carthy). It is impossible to type the volunteers—they come from different professional, ethnic and religious backgrounds. Youth is represented by a group of Brandeis students, who campaigned in New Hampshire. They are canvassing voters in a door-to-door drive and are bringing in more "student power" from other campuses. On the other hand, a few volunteer workers are more than 70 years old.

The volunteer workers also cut across party lines. Some are from Republican backgrounds and admire Nelson Rockefeller, rightly or wrongly assuming that he will eventually take a dovish stand. As for Robert Kennedy, most had originally looked to him to lead the charge against the President and the war. When he at first balked at entering the primaries, they turned to McCarthy and now there is some resentment against the New York Senator and the Massachusetts politicians who remained aloof in the early days. Nevertheless, since most McCarthy supporters originally favored Kennedy, and since the war issue outweighs all other considerations, it seems likely that most McCarthy people in Massachusetts would be able to support Senator Kennedy if it comes to that.

Both the state and local McCarthy groups suffer somewhat from the absence of professional politicians. Sen. Edward M. Kennedy, the Democratic Party leader in Massachusetts, was at first committed to neutrality in the primary, and most of the political professionals followed his lead. In addition, Paul G. Counihan, McCarthy's state campaign manager, observes that professional politicians seldom get involved in a political venture unless there are spoils to be divided among the victors. There are not likely to be any spoils in the McCarthy campaign. Lacking professional experience, some of the local McCarthy groups have been floundering. They are poorly financed; few have headquarters or public meeting places; they have no patronage to offer; many lack direction; some are little more than anti-war forums. But the important thing is that there are so many of them.

The dearth of professionals tells on the state level, too. A political naiveté runs through the organization. One handbook prepared by the state headquarters, for instance, discusses at great length the best methods of conducting successful cocktail parties, coffee meetings and cheese parties. (A helpful suggestion for throwing a cocktail party: "You should make sure that someone who really knows how to mix drinks is in charge of the bar and that you order enough ice.") Tucked away in the back of the handbook, almost as an afterthought, is a section explaining how to register voters.

Robert Kennedy's advice to his supporters to assist McCarthy means that political professionals are suddenly available in Massachusetts, but the McCarthy campaigners feel now that they don't need them and are continuing along as they would have done if Robert Kennedy had stayed out of the race.

State campaign manager Paul Counihan and Stephen Moulton, executive director of the campaign, have been struggling to weld the community committees and the state headquarters into a political machine. They are confident that as his campaign picks up momentum, the efficiency of the organization will improve on all levels. There could be a problem here: as McCarthy picks up steam, he may find it more difficult to work out an amicable arrangement with Robert Kennedy.

Albany Times-Union (Ben Roth)

"Tell Me Again, Harry, About Those 1948 Polls"

The press has been an important factor in McCarthy's campaign. His exposure has been particularly good in Massachusetts, partly because of his campaigning in the Bay State and partly because the Boston television stations have sizable audiences in New Hampshire and devoted a great deal of time to his campaign there. His measured, low-key style wears well on television, particularly when he gets repeated exposure. He gets along with reporters, with whom he is candid and honest. He is accessible, mixes easily with the writers, and handles the inevitable inane question with aplomb. He obviously does not suffer from the press paranoia that plagues some of the other candidates.

McCarthy's often irreverent wit helps him. When he spoke at Holy Cross College, he compared the Johnson Administration with the Vatican, observing that he often detected "a hint of infallibility now and then in the Administration." He noted that the White House and the Defense Department often brought up the issue of heresy. "The real warning signal," he added, "will be when everyone in Washington begins speaking in Latin."

The largely Catholic audience roared and, in a way, the incident illustrated the changes that have been moving through the Catholic population in Massachusetts. A few years ago, such joking would have been thought near blasphemy in a state where old-line Irish politicians have been known to destroy other men's political futures by spreading the word that they had been seen eating meat on Fridays.

Among the Catholic voters of Massachusetts politicians are still often measured by the degree of their anti-Communist militancy. The Catholic population remains generally conservative on the Vietnam issue, but it has grown more relaxed about the Communist bugaboo. At Holy Cross, most of the faculty is against the war, although the editors of the student newspaper think that a majority of the students still support it. Nevertheless, some fifty students and faculty are working in a McCarthy for President

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Committee. The conservative militants on campus are working for George Wallace. There is no Johnson for President committee, despite the fact that Holy Cross's most powerful and influential graduate is Joseph Califano, President Johnson's top aide.

While it is interesting to see who supports McCarthy in Massachusetts, it is equally interesting to see who does not support him. Many of the militant New Left groups in the Boston area are dissatisfied with his moderate proposals to de-escalate the war. Thus, most draft-card burners, militant student groups and professional radicals are not supporting him. Most SDS chapters in the Boston area are opposed to McCarthy.

"We don't have much support from organized labor," McCarthy said in Massachusetts. The comment was an understatement. When President Johnson decided to avoid the Massachusetts primary, Salvatore Camelio, president of the State AFL-CIO, withdrew from the state delegation in protest over McCarthy's capture of the delegation. Three other state labor leaders likewise pulled out. Reports circulated that George Meany, a loyal Johnson man, had talked to the state labor leaders before they withdrew.

Also resigning from the delegation was House Speaker John W. McCormack. The speaker comes from a "safe" district in Boston and, while there had been some talk of his running as the President's stand-in, his chances of winning a state-wide race were remote. A defeat in the primary would have certainly stepped up the efforts already under way in Congress to replace the 78-year-old speaker.

Another who withdrew from the delegation was state Senate Pres. Maurice A. Donahue, whose gubernatorial aspirations would have received a tremendous boost if he could have gotten his name on the ballot as Johnson's stand-in. Actually, Donahue had been approved for the role of ghost, and he had dusted off his favorite hawk speech. At the last minute, however, the President withdrew his support. Donahue then pulled out from the delegation, saying: "It would be senseless to engage in a campaign where there really is no contest." He neglected to mention that he faced a stiff primary fight in his home district. His opponent was John Fitzgerald, a young and attractive anti-war candidate who was wounded and decorated for bravery in Vietnam.

Most vociferous of all was state Sen. Joseph E. Ward, of Fitchburg, who threatened to go to the Democratic convention and vote for President Johnson as "an act of civil disobedience," although the entire delegation would be committed by law to vote for McCarthy. When the deadline for withdrawing from the delegation came, however, Senator Ward quietly took his name off the ballot. He, too, faced a stiff fight in his home district. He was just one of scores of Democratic politicians who were left holding the bag when Johnson decided to avoid the primary. Many feel they were abandoned by the President.

In turn, the President must have felt abandoned by Sen. Edward Kennedy, who declined to run as a stand-in. The irony for Senator Kennedy now is that he supported the legislation that established the Presidential primary in the first place. This had been enacted with the idea of sewing up the entire Bay State delegation for Robert Kennedy.

Kennedy in Disneyland

PHIL KERBY

Los Angeles

Robert Kennedy's first campaign foray into California over the weekend of March 23 was an immense success. This was conceded in all quarters, and he left the state amid serious speculation by political leaders that he may indeed break the eighty-four-year-old dictum that an incumbent President cannot be toppled by his own party.

From the time he landed in San Francisco and swept through a series of appearances between there and Los Angeles, Kennedy was greeted by large and frenzied crowds. At the San Francisco airport, police had difficulty controlling a thousand people who surged around the Senator, and the scene was repeated the next day at the International Airport in Los Angeles, where several persons were knocked down in the rush toward Kennedy. His caravan required two hours to travel from the airport to the Old Plaza in downtown Los Angeles, where he spoke to a predominantly Mexican-American crowd of 5,000. Traffic was stalled in all directions leading to the Greek Theatre in Griffith Park, where Kennedy made his third appearance of the day in Los Angeles. Six thousand people crowded into the 4,500-seat outdoor arena, with an estimated 3,000 more outside; next day he drew a chanting crowd that police estimated at 20,000 at a State College campus in Los Angeles. It was here that Kennedy said, in answer to a question, that he would not reopen the Warren Commission investigation into his brother's assassination, if he were elected President. Later a wildly cheering audience of 5,000 Negroes jammed an intersection in the Watts ghetto to hear him speak.

On his California swing, Kennedy's theme was crisp and clear: close the gap between white and black, between rich and poor, between young and old—and end the war in Vietnam. As he entered the Central Valley, Kennedy said: "It is indecent for a man to have to work with his hands and with his back in the valleys of California with no hope of sending his sons to college."

Kennedy's ability to attract crowds and to stir them to sustained peaks of enthusiasm was evident at every appearance he made in California, but there were pockets of dissent. A small number of supporters of Sen. Eugene J. McCarthy met him at the Los Angeles airport, bearing placards reading "Stay clean with Gene," and he was heckled briefly by a cluster of the right-wing Young Amer-

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icans for Freedom. At the San Francisco airport, a few Peace and Freedom Party members distributed leaflets describing Kennedy as a synthetic peace candidate. Peace and Freedom leaders fear that many of their party's members under the magic age of 30 will in this time of defection, defect to Kennedy.

The Senator from New York predicted that if he wins the June 4th primary in California, capturing the state's 172 national convention delegates, "we will win in Chicago and we will in November." California Assembly Speaker Jesse H. Unruh, who is directing Kennedy's California campaign, is confident that he can outrun both McCarthy and Johnson in the state, even though the two Senators will divide the peace vote. And a decisive Ken-

Macpherson, Toronto Star

nedy win here would weaken the already shaky allegiance of party leaders to President Johnson across the country. The day Kennedy arrived in Los Angeles the latest Gallup poll reported that he was the choice of 44 per cent of the nation's Democrats for the Presidential nomination, with Johnson lagging four points behind. This deepened the pessimism that besets party regulars in the state.

Kennedy came to California during a period of psychedelic confusion in the state's Democratic Party. A day earlier, Mayor Samuel W. Yorty of Los Angeles, just back from a New York chat with Richard Nixon, announced that he would not seek the Democratic nomination for the United States Senate. Yorty, who from his strategic post in Los Angeles has been urging an escalation of the war in Vietnam, offered a curious reason for his decision: "I want to tell the American people the truth about the peril to this country," he said. "I think as Mayor of the city of Los Angeles I can do it better than I can as a candidate."

Pro-Johnson (although the President is not sufficiently hawkish to suit the Mayor), but still more pro-Nixon, Yorty, who endorsed Nixon over John F. Kennedy in 1960, will likely support him again if he is nominated. Yorty may foresee that a Nixon administration would call him to higher duty, and this may explain the unsolicited advice he has been giving Gov. Ronald Reagan. Yorty coupled his decision not to run with a statement urging Reagan to forget his Presidential aspirations, to concern himself solely with state problems and to promptly endorse Nixon. (Yorty has brushed aside similar advice in the past. One Los Angeles city councilman told him that "he had made a great mistake" when "he decided to concentrate his efforts on the problems of Southeast Asia rather than upon those of the city of Los Angeles.")

The Mayor and the Governor are friends, but not friendly enough for Reagan to suppress his own ambitions in deference to Yorty's presumed ambitions. Reagan, who is convinced that anything is possible in a country in which he could be elected governor of the largest state, has looked upon himself as the ideal compromise candidate to break a Nixon-Rockefeller deadlock in Miami. When Rockefeller made his unexpected contribution to this season of spectacular political surprises by refusing to enter the primaries, Reagan had to reassess his strategy. At this point, helping Nixon is not part of the Governor's reassessment.

Robert Kennedy's candidacy has produced no signs of unseemly defection in the McCarthy campaign. McCarthy's quiet manner, his avoidance of bombast and his obvious courage have evoked a protective loyalty from those around him. His attraction to California liberals is similar to the feeling that Adlai Stevenson aroused and for much the same reasons.

The same cannot be said of the stand-in Johnson slate led by Atty. Gen. Thomas C. Lynch. Many delegates who were loyalist before Kennedy took off are redefining the term to conform with their new political visions. State Sen. Al Song, Southern California Democratic party chairman, is on the pro-Johnson delegation, but he has announced he will work for Kennedy. Mrs. Song and the wives of four other state legislators on the Lynch slate have joined the New Yorker's delegation. Former Gov. Edmund G. Brown, who is supporting the President, concedes that ten to fifteen members of the Lynch delegation will switch to Kennedy if a bill to permit this, now pending, is passed by the legislature. The defections may be much greater than he anticipates.

The California Democratic Council, with 25,000 to 30,000 activists, is the main force behind McCarthy in the state. The CDC put together an anti-Johnson peace slate before McCarthy announced, and then adopted him to lead it into the June primary. Two former presidents of the CDC are supporting Kennedy. Alan Cranston, founding president of the organization, resigned from CDC two years ago when Simon Casady, then CDC president, publicly attacked the war and Johnson. Cranston, running for the Democratic nomination for the U.S. Senate, has now come out against the war, but he will not take sides in the primary battle among Johnson, Kennedy and McCarthy. Cranston said, "I respect what all three are doing." As the weeks roll on, the mood in California is likely to heat up a good bit beyond that tone of bland amiability.

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COUNTER CULTURE PART III

Capsules of Salvation

THEODORE ROSZAK
Mr. Roszak, an associate professor of history, is chairman of the History of Western Culture Program at California State College, Hayward. He edited and contributed to The Dissenting Academy *(Pantheon Books).*

At the bohemian fringe of the disaffected youth culture, all roads lead to dope. The drug experience emerges persistently as the common denominator of the many protean forms this counter culture has assumed over the past decade or so. Correctly understood (which it seldom is), the drug experience participates significantly in youth's radical rejection of the parental society. Yet the frantic search for a narcotic nirvana can destroy many of the young, as well as all that is most valuable in their rebellion.

If one accepts the proposition that the counter culture is, essentially, an exploration of the politics of the nervous system, then drugs fall into place as one, but only one, possible way to conduct that exploration. It becomes a limited chemical means to a greater psychic end: the reformulation of the personality upon which social ideology and culture generally are ultimately based.

That was the spirit in which, at the turn of the century, figures like William James and Havelock Ellis experimented with hallucinogenic agents. The prospectus of these early experimenters—James using nitrous oxide and Ellis the newly discovered peyote (on which James was able to achieve only stomach cramps)—was highly enthusiastic with respect to the cultural possibilities that might flow from an investigation of hallucinatory experience. Ellis, reporting to the Smithsonian Institution in 1898 on his introduction to the "saturnalia for the specific senses," observed that:

> If it should ever chance that the consumption of mescal becomes a habit, the favorite poet of the mescal drinker will certainly be Wordsworth. Not only the general attitude of Wordsworth, but many of his most memorable poems and phrases cannot—one is almost tempted to say—be appreciated in their full significance by one who has never been under the influence of mescal. On all these grounds it may be claimed that the artificial paradise of mescal, though less seductive, is safe and dignified beyond its peers.

James, who, as a pragmatist philosopher and behavioral psychologist, had a vested interest in the standard academic forms of cerebration, was even more candid in hailing the importance of the nonintellective powers he had not only tapped directly through narcotics but had surveyed extensively in his ground-breaking study, *The Varieties of Religious Experience*:

> . . . our normal waking consciousness, rational consciousness as we call it, is but one special type of consciousness; whilst all about it, parted from it by the filmiest of screens, there lie potential forms of consciousness entirely different. . . . No account of the universe in its totality can be final which leaves these other forms of consciousness quite disregarded. . . . They forbid a premature closing of our accounts with reality.

When, some fifty years later, Aldous Huxley and Alan Watts undertook psychedelic experiments that were destined to have far greater social influence than those of Ellis and James, the investigations were still characterized by the same controlled samplings and restrained observations. Once again, the object was to gain a new, internal perspective on certain modes of consciousness and religious traditions that a narrowly positivist science had swept into an outsized pigeonhole labeled "mysticism" —meaning "incomprehensible," "meaningless."

The proposition that Ellis and James, Watts and Huxley were testing has always seemed to me wholly sensible. If the province of science is the disciplined examination of human experience, then abnormal (or transnormal) states of consciousness must also constitute a field of scientific study. As James had contended, the mystics, by relating their insights to direct personal experience, would seem to qualify as rigorous empiricists. Why then should their experience and the knowledge that appears to flow from it be screened out by science as somehow illegitimate? Is it perhaps the case that the mystics, in accepting the fullness of human experience, have been more truly scientific than the conventional scientist, who arbitrarily declares that only a limited range of consciousness deserves attention? Such a prejudice would seem all the more untenable now that artificial chemical agents provide discriminate access to these transnormal forms of consciousness. Why should they not be used as a kind of psychic depth charge with which to open up courses of perception that, given the entrenched cerebral habits of Western intelligence, have become severely log-jammed?

I doubt that anyone could have predicted what a wretched aftermath these pioneering experiments were to have. It is only by hindsight that we are now in a position to comment caustically upon them. But it is easy enough to see what went wrong.

Both Huxley and Watts drew the analogy between drugs and such exploratory devices as the microscope. The hallucinogens were to function as a lens through which the shadowy layers of consciousness could be studied. But a microscope in the hands of a child or the laboratory janitor provides nothing but a kind of barbarous and superficial fascination. Drugs can perhaps be made to yield significant knowledge at the command of a mature and cultivated mind, but the experience has, all of a sudden, been laid hold of by a generation of youngsters who are pathetically acultural and who have brought nothing to the experiment but a vacuous yearning. In adolescent rebellion, they have thrown out the corrupted culture of their elders and, along with that soiled bath water, the very body of the Western heritage. At best they do so in favor of exotic traditions they only marginally understand; at worst, in favor of an introspective chaos in which the seventeen or eighteen years of their own unformed lives float like atoms in a void.

Some minds are too small and too young for such psy-

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chic adventures, and the failure to recognize this fact is the beginning of disaster. There is nothing whatever in common between a man of Huxley's experience and intellectual discipline sampling mescalin, and a 15-year-old tripper whiffing airplane glue until his brain turns to oatmeal. The prospect held forth by drug experimentation—that of consciousness expansion—has proved abortive at the level of disaffiliated adolescence. Dropped into amorphous and alienated personalities, dope has precisely the reverse effect: it diminishes consciousness by way of fixation. The whole of life comes to center despotically on one act, one mode of experience. Whether or not pot, acid and speed are addictive remains moot—largely because of the ambiguity of the term "addiction." Are fingernails addictive? We all know people who bite them constantly and compulsively. Is chess addictive? There are players who will go without food or drink rather than abandon the board. Is Julie Andrews addictive? In London there is a lady who, incredibly, has seen every performance of *The Sound of Music*.

The Drug Life

What is obvious is that the drugs are a hangup which too many of the young can't shake. It is not that they have all become hopheads; it is rather that, at the bohemian fringe, they are trying strenuously to inflate dope to the size of an entire culture. The vice is typically American: start with a gimmick; end with a *Weltanschauung*. Madison Avenue's strategy of strategies: don't just sell them a new can opener; sell them a new way of life.

Here follows an example of how the dimensions of "expanded consciousness" envelop the hippiest versions of the underground press. (In this case, an issue of the Southern California *Oracle*—but the point could be made with any number of other underground journals.) The art throughout is officially psychedelic: melting, soft-edged, bejeweled . . . not *good* but official. The lead article is an interview with Timothy Leary, on the topic (what else?) of LSD. The substance is slight and the ideas are garbled, but the tone is pontifical and the piece strings together all the right slogans.

Comes next a feature by a local "philosopher-ecologist" who has permitted the *Oracle* "to plug a tape recorder into his frontal lobe for a view of paradise as he perceives it." It begins, "When I turned on once in Yosemite with 250 micrograms of acid. . . ." Then another interview, this time with a rock star (again, "a tape-recorded probe of his lobes") about "How I Get High." Next, the first of a new series on "Ecstatic Living" which is described as "insights gleaned from a three-year creativity study conducted in Mexico under the sponsorship of Sandoz Company, makers of LSD-25"—which is in about the same category as research in international relations under the sponsorship of the CIA. The subtitle is "Your Ecstatic Home—cheap ways of changing your home to reflect the changes in your consciousness." It advises:

> Everyone should invest in a little electric motor of the kind that revolves things from the ceiling. Then you can take a large tin can and puncture it with holes and cause it to revolve around a light bulb . . . it shines little bits of starlight all over the room. In addition . . . we might also have a little revolving stage of the kind you see in jewelry store windows. . . . Cover this with any visionary object. For a list of visionary objects, you can read Huxley's classic *The Doors of Perception*.

The science department reports on how *not* to catch hepatitis—a disease widespread among users of speed. (It comes from contaminated needles.) The tone of this piece is hip-avuncular:

> . . . doing your thing doesn't have to include dumping bad Karma on your soul-brothers. Don't touch food or drink or prepare it, without first thoroughly washing your hands, especially if you've just been to the john. . . . You can even afford to get up tight about it, especially if your home is of the tribal kind.

My pretribal father used to phrase this piece of folk wisdom as "You wash up before you sit down at this table!" But I remember being about 5 years old at the time.

The issue closes with recommended reading ("books to expand your consciousness"), a page of ads for psychedelic posters, and an Art Nouveau back page of boy and girl in sexual congress below a curvaceous "LOVE."

The letters columns of the underground weeklies are aclutter with new narcotic brews, some of them bloodcurdling. Editorials blow up narcotics laws and the dodging police into the alpha and omega of politics. The advertising betrays the fact that the journals have grown progressively more dependent on a local hip economy, most of whose wares—clothing, light shows, rock music and its clubs, posters, electronic strobes, jewelry, buttons, bells, beads, black-light glasses, dope pipes and assorted "head equipment"—are designed to be perceived through a narcotic haze, or at any rate go a long way toward glamorizing dope, deepening the fascination or the need.

"Decadent" is the word used to describe such fastidious immersion in a single small idea and all its most trivial ramifications, such precious efforts to make the marginal part stand for the whole of culture. And decadence, unhappily, is the quality that a substantial segment of the youth culture is currently assuming.

Crime and Sanctity

If the narcotics hangup were no more than the symptom of cultural impoverishment, things would be bad enough. But one must complete the grim picture by adding the sweaty, often vicious and, in a few instances, even murderous relationships that inevitably grow up around any illegal trade. Money is still what it takes to survive in an urban environment, even if one is only eking out a subsistence. And dope, with its subsidiary merchandise, is what brings the money into the East Village and Haight-Ashbury. In a perceptive series on the Haight-Ashbury dope commerce written for *The Washington Post* (October 15 to 29, 1967), Nicholas Von Hoffman was forced to the unhappy conclusion that, whatever else they may take themselves to be, the hippies constitute "the biggest crime story since prohibition." The account he has to offer is far from pretty. Even if the majority of flower children manage to steer clear of the most cynical and criminal aspects of the trade, their communities have nevertheless become a market increasingly dominated by entrepreneurial interests that have about as much concern for expand-

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ing consciousness as Al Capone had for arranging Dionysian festivals.

To be sure, the authorities with their single-minded determination to treat narcotics as a police problem, and the mass media with their incorrigible taste for simplification and sensation, are both to blame for turning the psychedelic curiosity of the young into ugly and furtive channels. But the young bear a primary responsibility for letting themselves be trapped in the vicious ambience that the dominant society has created. On their own terms, they are old enough to know better than to let themselves be driven into the same bag with drug merchandisers who are only the criminal caricature of the American business ethos, and who will scarcely be reformed by being given docile new populations to exploit.

Beyond this, it is no easy matter to pin the blame for the narcotics obsession. Dope has been touted, in the postwar period, since the days of the San Francisco beats, and by now the number of those who have added to its luster is legion. Still one figure—Timothy Leary—does stand out especially as the promoter, apologist and high priest of dope. When one asks how far dope can conceivably be pushed toward becoming a total and autonomous culture, Leary emerges as the chief strategist of that lamentable campaign.

Word has it that, as of the last six months or so, Leary no longer enjoys the highest repute among the hip young. Where fashions, jargon and personalities are concerned, the youth scene is as fickle as the garment trade—though who, besides the mass media, determines these comings and goings of favor is a mystery. Perhaps, it is in beat-hip bohemia as in show business: too much exposure hurts. And Leary, over the past two years, has invited lethal amounts of exposure, far more than he could service with his limited repertory of ideas.

Moreover, there has been more than a touch of fraudulence (though perhaps self-convinced fraudulence) about Leary in recent years. In December, 1965, still more the off-beat academic psychologist than the full-blown swami, Leary was caught smuggling 2 ounces of marijuana across the Mexican border. The sentence which still hangs over him for this innocuous transgression is absurdly severe: thirty years imprisonment and a $30,000 fine. With his academic career already washed up (he had been fired by Harvard in 1963) one can perhaps hardly blame Leary for grasping at the best legal straw available to him, namely, to draw the protective cloak of religious freedom over his inept violation of the narcotics law. Such interpretation of Leary's recent behavior may be too cynical, but the fact remains that, while he has been a much publicized pioneer in the field of psychedelic research for some five or six years, it is only since his arrest in 1965 that he has blossomed forth in any public way as a self-proclaimed "visionary prophet." The first "psychedelic celebration" of his League for Spiritual Discovery was held in September, 1966, within six months of the time when his lawyer proposed that Leary's narcotics conviction be reversed as a violation of religious freedom.

But even if Leary's psychedelic cult began as a legal gambit, it need not be contemptuously dismissed. Psychiatry recognizes a condition of mind called Ganser's syndrome—or the syndrome of approximate answers. It describes the behavior of people who seem to be faking insanity, but faking it so well that they eventually take on their insane role for keeps. In a sense, they calculatedly drive themselves mad. In Leary's case, "madness" has assumed the mantle of the divine, but it seems to involve the same process of systematically losing oneself in an eccentric identity. Whatever the explanation for the recent turn in Leary's career, the change has been of great significance for the development of our youth culture. For it is Leary who has managed to embed the younger generation's psychedelic fascination solidly in a religious context. The connection which far more gifted minds had discovered between the drug experience and visionary religion is finally being retailed by Leary to masses of teen-agers and college students.

Revolution through Nirvana

There is no way to tell whether Leary has turned on more boys and girls than novelist Ken Kesey, creator of the "acid test" during the early sixties. Both can claim a notorious success at the specialty act of organizing mass, public "trips." But Kesey's sessions were mainly fun and games: LSD served up in a heady brew of amplified rock bands, strobe lights, and free-form dance. The intention was, at best, aesthetic. Leary, on the other hand, preferred to come on during his LSD camp meetings with all the solemnity of the risen Christ, complete with white cotton pajamas, incense and the stigmata of his legal persecutions —though light and sound effects were still part of the act. (So were high admission prices: up to $4 per seat.) Doubtless the psychedelic fascination would have spread among the young, though more slowly, without the proselytizing of Kesey and Leary. But Leary, appearing at just the ripe moment and gaining access to thousands of adolescents, has been the figure primarily responsible for impressing upon vast numbers of young and somewhat addled minds (which do not easily hold more than one idea at a time) the primer-simple notion that LSD has "something" to do with religion. And it is that notion—even if imperfectly grasped—which makes the narcotics hangup of the young a great deal more than another naughty vice.

When the flaming youth of the twenties took heavily to bootleg liquor, it was in no position to reach for metaphysics to legitimize its bad habits. For the contemporary young, however, dope carries the justification of esoteric wisdom, and they defend its uses with pious fervor. Leary has taught them that getting turned on is the sacred rite of a new age. They know, if only vaguely, that somewhere behind the forbidden experience lie rich and exotic religious traditions, occult powers, salvation—which, of course, the adult society fails to understand, and indeed fears. By way of a mystic religiosity, Leary has succeeded in convincing vast numbers of the young that dope is "a sacrament that will put you in touch with the ancient 2-million-year-old wisdom inside you," that will help you "get back in tune with God's harmony," that will free you "to go on to the next stage, which is the evolutionary timelessness, the ancient reincarnation thing that we always carry inside."

But the promise of nirvana is not all. LSD also moves

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in mysterious ways to achieve the social revolution. When Leary is criticized, as he frequently is, for preaching political quietism, his critics are told that they overlook the fact that his pitch to the young makes ambitious political claims:

> The last few years I've been advising everyone to become an ecstatic saint. If you become an ecstatic saint, you then become a social force. . . . The key to the psychedelic movement, the key to what's going on with the young people today, is individual freedom . . . . Liberals and left-wing people, Marxists, are opposed to this individual pursuit. . . . They're attempting to wash out these seed-nific energies. We do go into action on the political or social chessboard to defend our individual internal freedom. . . . We're trying to tell the youngsters that the psychedelic movement is nothing new. . . . The hippies and the acid heads and the new flower tribes are performing a classic function. . . . The empire becomes affluent, urbanized, completely hung-up in material things, and then the new underground movements spring up. . . . They're all subversive. They all preach a message of turn-on, tune-in, drop-out.

So, one is to believe, dosing on LSD and going underground is enough to transform society and reroute the course of history. At his psychedelic arcadia in Millbrook, N.Y., Leary is, despite all appearances to the contrary, in the vanguard of the revolution. "It will be an LSD country within fifteen years," he predicts. "Our Supreme Court will be smoking marijuana within fifteen years. It's inevitable, because the students in our best universities are doing it now. There'll be less interest in warfare, in power politics. You know, politics today is a disease—it's a real addiction."

Universe of Dope

The "psychedelic revolution," then, comes down to the simple syllogism: change the prevailing code of consciousness and you change the world; the use of dope *ex opere operato* changes the prevailing mode of consciousness; therefore, universalize dope and you change the world.

When the promise of so much gets tied into the opportunity for unlimited free sexuality—which is a basic aspect of Leary's cult—is it any wonder the alienated young go for it headlong? "CAN the World Do Without LSD?" asks a feature in *The East Village Other*. "Here's where those who have and those who have not had LSD part company —at least as far as knowing what the subject under discussion is . . . . Can a person be human without LSD? Or, let us say, without THE PSYCHEDELIC experience? The answer, as far as writer of this article can see, is a highly qualified, cautiously rendered, but emphatic, definitely NOT. BUT . . . ." (One breathes a sigh of relief for the qualifying "BUT." Perhaps after all, there is some special dispensation through which Socrates, Shakespeare, Montaigne, Tolstoy and the like may be granted their humanity.) "BUT, the psychedelic experience is not tied exclusively to LSD. There are at least five other effective psychedelic drugs." (*No such luck.*)

When the claims of psychedelia take on such proportions, one is surely justified in digging in one's heels and registering heated protest. But dope is not simply an excrescence that can be surgically removed from the youth culture by indignant rejection. Leary and his followers

Cover design by **Spain**
"The East Village Other"

have succeeded in entrenching it within such a lore and *mystique* that it now seems the very essence of that politics of the nervous system in which the young are deeply involved. And this is ironic because one could make an excellent case that the revolution which Leary purports to be leading is pure illusion.

Viewed in wider context, the quest of the young for visionary adventures begins to look like the symptom of a much larger social development in which their rejected elders also participate. For the fact is that the whole of contemporary society is well on its way to becoming distressingly drug dependent. At a meeting of the World Psychiatric Association held in London during November, 1967, it was revealed that Great Britain, which is not nearly as advanced in this respect as America, consumed a "staggering total" of more than 43 million prescriptions for psychotropic drugs in a recent three-year period. And this total did not include the tranquilizers, anti-depressants and sedatives used in general and in mental hospitals or in private practice but only those dispensed under the National Health Service.

Speaking on the subject, Dr. William Sargent concluded that drugs were becoming the standard technique for dealing with anxiety and emotional disorder, largely replacing psychotherapy, psychoanalysis or, needless to say, any attempt to alter the environmental factors that generate the suffering. The largest single group in this increasingly drug-dependent population was identified, not as rebellious adolescents but as older women.

Thus, adjustments and functions that used to be left to the unaided human organism—sleeping, waking, relaxing,

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sexual potency, digestion, elimination—are being turned over to an expanding repertory of artificial concoctions. Old-fashioned organic processes are not measuring up to the demands of contemporary civilization; whatever it is that we are designing our environment for, it isn't the human being. But the most convenient way to meet such an unlivable state of affairs without thwarting "technological progress" is to patch up the organism with pharmacological bandages.

Happiness Pills

Within this framework, grass, acid and speed assume a different significance. If society is committed to solving its organic problems with chemical agencies, then why should the line be drawn at the so-called "consciousness expanders"? Why *not* a pill or a needle to provide temporary emotional and perceptual liberation? "Speed" is nothing but a slightly different form and dosage of benzedrine, which legions of harried students and fatigued executives take without qualms to ward off drowsiness. No question has been raised in any quarter about the professional use of LSD by therapists and researchers. In each case, the public objection and the legal authorities, I suspect, are reacting at least in part from an honest concern for the health hazard involved when the drugs are used without some knowledge and discipline. The drugs are potent and the concern is legitimate. Even the underground press has begun to spread the word that "speed kills." The objection to pot is, as many impeccably straight individuals and groups have already admitted, inconsistent in a society that allows free use of alcohol.

But if the spectrum of drugs on which our society is willing to become dependent has been interrupted at marijuana, LSD and the amphetamines, I think it is also because these substances are associated in the public mind with the aggressive bohemianism of the young. Unwilling to blame themselves for the alienation of their children, mother and father have decided to blame drugs. So dope becomes the convenient scapegoat for juvenile misbehavior. And the more banners the young fly for dope, the more hostile adult society becomes toward what is essentially an epiphenomenon of youthful rebellion.

In the last analysis, the psychedelic line on which the disaffected young have chosen to fight is false: there is nothing to be won or lost in the skirmish. It wasn't bootleg liquor that created the bohemianism of the "lost generation," and it isn't dope that has bred the beat-hip generation.

One begins to suspect the supposedly revolutionary character of the psychedelic crusade when one realizes that publications as squarely conservative as *Life* and *Time,* whose lead the disaffected young wouldn't follow three faltering steps in any other direction, were giving the psychedelics a glamorous build-up as far back as 1957. That was the year when *Life* produced its splashy and appetizing feature called "Seeking the Magic Mushroom." The authors were R. Gordon Wasson, a J. P. Morgan vice president, and his wife. The piece recounted the visionary adventures which they and a New York society photographer had had in 1955 among cultists in Mexico. The article, providing detailed illustrations and descriptions of the mushrooms, made all the familiar connections with occult and Oriental religions, and, bowing in the direction of William Blake's ecstatic verse, finished by assuring its readers "that the mushrooms make those visions available to a much larger number." Since then, the psychedelics have enjoyed a glowing reputation in *Time-Life,* except (significantly) where they have been mixed up with obstreperous bohemians.

Whatever its failings, the Luce press has sound instincts as to what the establishment can and can't assimilate. I suspect it shrewdly recognized that a nice, private thrill pill might soon come in handy as a means of maintaining some degree of emotional stability in the *status quo.* The young who take their psychedelic text from Huxley's *Doors of Perception* forget that in *Brave New World* the unbearable was made endurable by a visionary chemical called "soma"—the purpose of which was to produce "sane men, obedient men, stable in their contentment." Recently, when some young Englishmen launched a group whose purpose it is to study the psychotropic drugs and "methods of altering consciousness in general," and to liberalize the British narcotics law, they appropriated the name SOMA for the organization: Society of Mental Awareness. They are tempting fate.

In *One-Dimensional Man,* Herbert Marcuse coins the phrase "repressive desublimation" to remind his readers that the most up-to-date forms of totalitarianism are not based on brutal, across-the-board repression but on controlled and cleverly selective permissiveness:

> Invalidating the cherished images of transcendence by incorporating them into its omnipresent daily reality, this society testifies to the extent to which insoluble conflicts are becoming manageable—to which tragedy and romance, archetypal dreams and anxieties are being made susceptible to technical solution and dissolution.

It is difficult to see why dope cannot be comprehended within such a program. History certainly suggests that the role of narcotic substance has been to tame and stabilize. DeQuincey, confessing his own vice in the 1820s (and at the same time hinting wickedly at the prevalence of opium eating among English artistocrats and artists), was convinced that addiction flourished among the long-suffering cotton-mill workers. While the role of dope in damping social unrest in early industrial England has not been extensively investigated, every historian of the period knows that it was common practice at the time for working mothers to start the habit in the cradle by dosing their hungry babies on laudanum ("mother's blessing," it was called).

Pot in the Sky

At the turn of the century and during the stress of industrialization, America passed through a fit of narcotics addiction that probably hasn't since been surpassed, on a national scale at any rate. The main agent then was the morphine one could, until the passage of the Harrison Narcotics Act, enjoy in most of the painkillers physicians openhandedly prescribed. Even if one turns back to the more artistic narcotics connoisseurs of the mid-19th century—like those who congregated around Theophile Gautier's *Club des Hachischins*—one is scarcely in the com-

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pany of social revolutionaries. All the familiar visions appear in their reports—"the lilies of gold," "the myriad butterflies," "the fireworks display"—but as Baudelaire made clear, the "artificial paradise" was at bottom an escape "from the hopeless darkness of ordinary daily existence." The language is loftier, but the sentiment is what one would expect from any one of the bleary-eyed dock workers of Hong Kong who spend their meager wages "chasing the dragon." And yet, if narcotics consumption is the measure, then Hong Kong, rather than San Francisco, must be regarded as the world's most "turned-on city."

In the late 1950s, an English writer underwent a series of LSD sessions which were later written up and published under the pseudonym "Jane Dunlap" (*Exploring Inner Space,* 1958). Judging by her gushy, saccharine style, Miss Dunlap is the sort of writer whose creations ordinarily come blazing out of the pages of the *Ladies Home Journal*; but I fear that she is a great deal more typical of the ordinary user than either Aldous Huxley or Allen Ginsberg. If so, the chances seem slim that the psychedelic society for which Leary is crusading will qualify as a cultural renaissance.

Miss Dunlap had heard of LSD by way of the Wasson feature in *Life*—a magazine whose "many excellent articles" she has admired and collected since its very first issue. She volunteered for a run of psychedelic sessions at the local university and dictated reports of her revelations, which sound like an autistic collage of Jules Verne, Flash Gordon and Nick Kenney. One has the off-putting sense that Miss Dunlap is finding what she feels she is *supposed* to look for, and that the experience is falling into a Kitschy mold: "I saw the tiny grasses bend in prayer, the flowers dance in the breeze, and the trees lift their arms to God." The visionary adventure that was supposed to vault ordinary humanity to the heights of Blake and Wordsworth has been scaled down to the cultural level of Forest Lawn's plaster reproductions of Michelangelo's "David." And what could the most oppressive powers that be take exception to in a chemical that guides the Miss Dunlaps of the world to the consoling conclusion that "to one who accepts the God pull of reversed gravity and maintains a geological time sense, the future seems gloriously bright"?

The technological society might well accept into its arsenal of social controls methods of emotional release as sophisticated as LSD or pot. An occasional turn-on, a periodic orgy, a weekend freak-out . . . such private kicks pose no threat to the established order—provided that they don't become associated with disruptive forms of dissent. The brain stormers at RAND have already flirted with the notion of introducing tranquilizers and psychedelics into the most hideously repressive of situations—life in the post-attack fallout shelter—as a means of draining off the pressure of desperation.

Moreover, dope is already being widely used, though less obtrusively than by the bohemian young, by otherwise closely barbered citizens. Purged of its social nonconformity, it is becoming an integral part of swinging society —like wife swapping in suburbia, or group-grope parties among the *Playboy* junior executives and their wives. Within my own circle of acquaintances the number who indulge in discreet little trips—just for the fun of it—grows constantly.

What if the psychedelic crusaders had their way then, and American society could be turned on legally? No doubt the marijuana trade would immediately be taken over by the major cigarette companies—an improvement over leaving it in the hands of the Mafia. And surely the major pharmaceutical companies would move in on LSD. What then? Would the revolution have been achieved? Would we be, all of a sudden, living in a society of love, gentleness, innocence, freedom? "Better things for better living through chemistry" says one of the prominent hippie buttons, quoting E. I. DuPont. But the slogan isn't being used satirically. The kids mean it the way DuPont means it. The gadget-happy American used to be an international figure of fun because of his facile assumption that there was a mechanical solution to every human problem. It only took Timothy Leary and his ilk to formulate the proposition that personal salvation and the social revolution can be packed in a capsule.

AN END TO BARTER

NEW POLITICS OF CONVICTION

GRANT McCONNELL
Mr. McConnell is chairman of the Department of Political Science, the University of Chicago. He is the author, among other books, of Private Power and American Democracy *(Knopf).*

Until recently, one of this country's major sources of national pride has been the quality of its political life. By contrast with the tumultuous and often downright bloody ways of foreigners, our pattern of politics here has been generally orderly and on the whole sensible and practical. Forgetting the period of the Civil War, we can claim that the results of our national elections, whatever their incidents of absurdity and general noisiness, have been accepted by the losers as a matter of course, and that sportsmanship has characterized the attitude of the winners. The national government has not suffered the turnover of regimes that has bedeviled other countries—in fact the term "regime" has an alien ring in this country—and there has been no succession of first, second, third, fourth and fifth "Republics." Here is but one republic, *the* Republic, and we all know what we mean when we pledge allegiance to it. And like "regime," "class struggle" and "ideology" are foreign terms and, we remain convinced, foreign experiences.

Looked at over the past two centuries, American politics may be characterized as a system designed and adapted to the settlement or adjustment of *economic* conflicts. That

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is not quite all there is to it but, in general, the great bulk of the work of government has been to deal with competing claims for the material goods of the world. That it would be so was specifically foreseen by that most perceptive of all American political thinkers, James Madison. In his most celebrated passage, he wrote that the great problem of government had been "faction," an evil which found its most common and durable source in the unequal distribution of property, which in turn created distinct interests in society—a landed interest, a manufacturing interest, a mercantile interest, a moneyed interest, and so on. In one degree or another this understanding of the problem of government has been shared by other thinkers, from Calhoun through Charles Beard and down to more recent times. In one degree or another most of us have believed that politics is a reflection of economics.

And to a considerable degree we have been right about American politics. The bulk of the important work of American Government has been economic: development of railroads, subsidies for this or that interest, regulation of competition, distribution of land, etc. The statement of one Senator to a freshman colleague near the turn of this century, "Young man, tariffs are the whole of politics; study them," was only an exaggeration of the reality. More recently, we have extended the work of government to other groups than those originally favored—to industrial workers—and now we are at least doing some thinking and talking about the poor. The "what" or "Politics, Who Gets What. . . ." has very largely been economic.

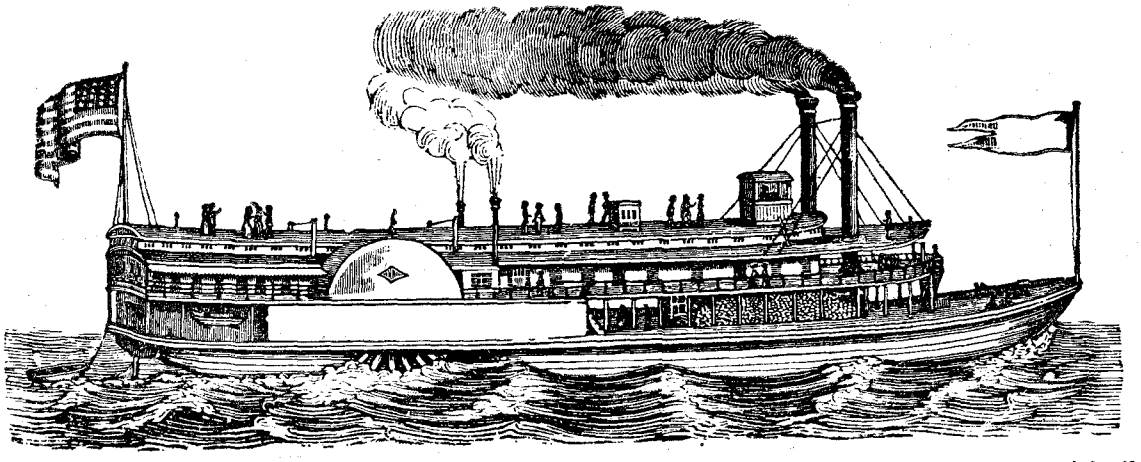
In recent years, however, a new wind seems to have been blowing in America. Our politics has been taking on a new note, marked by an attitude that at times can be characterized only as mean and hateful. The name calling we hear is not new; the *manners* of American politics in the 19th century were probably worse than those of today, and it wouldn't take much research to turn up evidence of attitudes toward FDR in his time quite as bitter as some of those now directed at LBJ. Not long ago some observers were proclaiming the breakdown of America in a final conflict of classes. Perhaps it is possible to recall that time with equanimity now, because we know the outcome: it wasn't a really fundamental class struggle and it didn't result in breakdown. But I doubt that we are justified in assuming from this that events are certain to turn out all right in the future.

Everyone is aware of the evidence. We are in the midst of a large war whose legitimacy and necessity are denied with passion by a very considerable segment of the American people. Large numbers of individuals, including some conspicuously excellent citizens, openly advocate courses of resistance to the war that go beyond the bounds of law. Many of the young, again conspicuously including a large number of the best, are heeding the call to resistance. Negroes—or black people, as militants now insist the correct term to be—increasingly scorn the ideal of integration and are groping for some formula of apartheid of their own. After the death and destruction of several long hot summers, we are preparing, on the testimony of the President himself, for more. While rumors fly as to the stocking of firearms, some public officials take actions seemingly calculated to aggravate the situation. Just recently the sheriff of Cook County, Ill., began enrolling gun enthusiasts in a vigilante gang.

Justifications are offered for all this activity. The society is corrupt from top to bottom; we are all alienated; it is time for direct action; we must fight back or "they" will take over. For both sides, liberals are the worst enemy.

It is tempting to perceive these discontents as the product of two issues, the war in Vietnam and the racial crisis. It is easy to demonstrate what a host of evils are either rooted in or made worse by the conflict in Southeast Asia. As for the rest of our difficulties, a great many seem to come down to questions of race. Certainly as a practical matter, we can formulate no better agenda than to deal effectively with these two topics.

However, if we seek to understand the full sweep of our situation, this reduction of the problem to two items is not adequate. Note that in the past external war has been a means of rallying the nation and of quieting signs of internal discord. This has been true even of some of our most unsavory wars, of which we have had rather a number. Vietnam is having quite the contrary effect. And the racial crisis, while more intense today than in the past century, has existed below the surface for longer than a century. Indeed, it is arguable that the eruption of great discord on matters of war and race represents a moral advance in America. But the point to be made here is that even on these two scores our present troubles arise from something additional.



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A perspective can be gained on this point by looking at the style of politics developed by some of the less preoccupying and less dramatic issues of the day. Look, for example, at the pattern of politics of what may be called the environmental issues. Consider the struggles to achieve clean air and water; consider also the bitterness of the fights over the protection of scenic and wilderness areas, the Redwoods, the Grand Canyon, and so on. Think also of the utter intransigence of the student leaders who demand "freedom" and "participation" on some campuses. What is at the root of this very general change?

We are certainly too close to the events to give more than a partial and tentative answer to this question. With that caution, my answer in brief is that we are just now beginning to confront the important problems of governing this country. The fact is, economics is no longer the single overriding issue of American political life.

One of the most interesting phenomena of the post-World War II period is the recent articulation in this country of a body of political doctrine that celebrates the American scheme of politics. This doctrine now seems to go by the name of "pluralism," a tag partly adopted by those who have formulated it and partly pinned on by their opponents. The term is borrowed from a now largely forgotten body of English and European thought and is misleading in some ways. Moreover, the doctrine by no means is to be regarded as a complete political theory. It has had, nevertheless, much popularity until quite recently. It is an important bit of evidence in its own right.

Perhaps the outstanding quality of American political life, as the pluralists see it, is pragmatism. American politics is not ideological. Its outstanding virtues are compromise and tolerance. Americans do not seek to murder one another with politics. When they get into political contests they do not insist that the losers be executed or exiled. At moments of succession, losers smile gamely and settle down to ordinary life—and are allowed to. After a noisy bit of verbal hair pulling, "deals" are quietly made —bargains in which nobody entirely loses, and which are subject to review and readjustment. Nobody ever gets all he wants and nobody is left without hope that next time he will do better.

This is in marked contrast with European politics. There they have had a real and bitter class struggle. There they had the Russian Revolution with all mass slaughter and hatreds unleashed. There they have had fascism, again with slaughter and hatred. And why? Because they have never learned the American attitude which looks not to utopia and the distant tomorrow but to the here and now. There has always been something millennial in European thinking. By contrast, Americans restrict themselves to what they can do now—maybe not something that will utterly transform our lives, but something practical and available. And, in the process, they *have* transformed their lives and left Europe behind.

The American lesson has been learned by virtually all segments of society. In fact, one of the best and earliest formulations came from organized labor. Samuel Gompers and his early colleagues in the AFL came to this outlook as a kind of revelation. One-time Marxists, driven to escape from Europe and still clinging for a while to the precepts of that doctrine, they eventually saw that, in America at least, great strides were possible if workers would simply concentrate on three matters: wages, hours and working conditions. By avoiding grandiose goals or "ultimate ends," by turning their backs on the class struggle, they could fit themselves into American life and in time come to enjoy a standard of living about which their European brothers could only dream.

Industrial relations in America are in some respects a paradigm of American political life. With parties free of ideology, directed simply to the winning of regular elections; with undisciplined legislatures devoting themselves to the trifling concerns of pork-barrel politics—yes, even playing relatively harmless games of boodle—American politics has lacked the sting and danger of politics elsewhere. Public affairs have not always been neat or even wholly admirable, but America has reaped the enormous benefit of domestic peace on a continental scale.

This leaves much to be said of pluralism as a doctrine, but it is the part that calls for our attention here. What is its validity? Within some limits, it has much. The seemingly chaotic and meaningless character of our political parties *has* given major benefits. The party system has been open to a variety of groups. Its failure to dominate legislatures has permitted a vast number of petty bargains that in sum have given satisfaction to elements that might otherwise have taken to building barricades in the streets. Perhaps most important, this general looseness and seeming triviality have allowed energetic entrepreneurs and workers the freedom and incentive to build an expanding economy while simply seeking their own individual, immediate and mundane ends. Not wasting too much time on the division of what goods there are, they have gone on to make so many more goods that nearly everybody gets more than he had before.

There are qualifications to this, of course. Some people are still poor. Moreover, American politics has not been quite as free from ideology and bitterness as I have just made out. In industrial relations, for example, there has been a good deal more class struggle than we like to remember, and it has been marked with genuine violence. What is important to note, however, is that where genuine battles have been fought, the issues have not been wages, hours or working conditions. Rather, the issue has been legitimacy of the unions—i.e., recognition. Once recognition has been won, strikes could occur (even with a bit of violence) without very great disturbance or danger to the political order. It is a remarkable fact that few people today can name the largest strike in American history, although it occurred only a few years ago. That steel strike of 1959 simply did not raise any fundamental issue.

The most impressive fact of this whole record is that the system has worked. America is a great success story in that such a vast and powerful nation has emerged from enormously diverse elements. But the next most striking fact is that the benefits which the system has allocated have largely been economic and material. These benefits have been the coins with which the acquiescence of different groups in the making of a nation has been

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bought. And with every passing year our common capacity to make this kind of payment has increased. It would seem obvious that Americans have been getting what they wanted.

And yet . . . something is false here and we all sense it. All history may be the history of class struggles—in America perhaps not of classes in the Marxist sense but of "classes" in much greater numbers and drawn on a much smaller scale. Nevertheless, we know intuitively that men care deeply about other things than material advantage. In other societies the record is plain that nonmaterial, even abstract issues have been the important ones. Nonmaterial values were strongly cherished in ancient Athens. Art occupied an important place in the life of Florence in its great period. Men have valued military glory. For centuries, religion was at the heart of political life. Important as the economic component of politics has always been, it is simply wrong to say that economics lies at the heart of all politics or that men in fact always and invariably place material values first.

Madison and Beard were on firm ground insofar as they assessed the reality of the political life of their own times and the times near to them. American politics has been largely about material things, and it has been arranged structurally so that this should be so. But in its preoccupation with economics America has been successful, enormously successful, perhaps dangerously successful. The figures on this success are beyond rational appreciation. Who can assign any real meaning to a GNP of $700 billion or $800 billion? Consider also the general calm that greets the current proposal for a negative income tax. This scheme asserts that the trouble with the poor is that they don't have enough money; the solution, accordingly, is to *give* them money. This notion, which not long ago would have shaken most Americans to their boots, occasions some controversy, but it is clear that as a nation we could afford it easily and nobody is deeply troubled by the idea.

The change implied here is not easy to grasp. To attempt to assess its importance, consider a passage J. M. Keynes wrote in the terrible year of 1930. It appears in an article entitled, "Economic Possibilities for our Grandchildren":

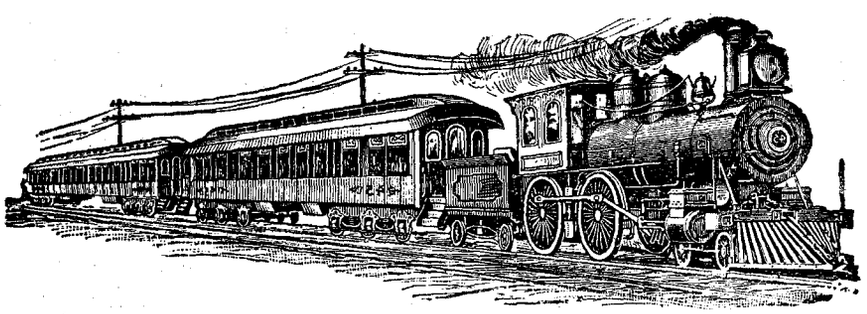
> I draw the conclusion that, assuming no important wars and no important increase in population, the *economic problem* may be solved, or be at least within sight of solution, within a hundred years. This means that the economic problem is not—if we look into the future—*the permanent problem of the human race*. . . . [This] is startling because, if instead of looking into the future, we look into the past we find that the economic problem, the struggle for subsistence, always has been hitherto the primary, most pressing problem of the human race . . . not only of the human race, but of the whole of the biological kingdom from the beginnings of life in its most primitive forms.
>
> Thus we have been expressly evolved by nature—with all our impulses and deepest instincts—for the purpose of solving the economic problem. If the economic problem is solved, mankind will be deprived of its traditional purpose.
>
> Will this be a benefit? If one believes at all in the real values of life, the prospect at least opens up the possibility of benefit. Yet I think with dread of the readjustment of the habits and instincts of the ordinary man, bred into him for countless generations, which he may be asked to discard within a few decades.
>
> Thus for the first time since his creation man will be faced with his real, his permanent problem—how to use his freedom from pressing economic cares, how to occupy the leisure which science and compound interest will have won for him, to live wisely and agreeably and well.

Is it too much to say that we are beginning to see, at least in the United States, the realization of this prophecy? Poverty and hunger still stalk large parts of the world. Keynes's proviso—no major wars and no increase of population—has not been met, and as a result much of the earth is in a sorry economic condition and still has a sorry prospect. In America, nevertheless, the prophecy is visibly in the process of realization.

If this is true in any substantial degree, we are in trouble. It is marvelous and wonderful trouble if we look back to the depression days when Keynes chose to be so exasperating. But recall that Keynes warned of what we would be in for when the change came. He mentioned some of the prospective moral difficulties; there are also prospective political difficulties.

If we are on the way to solution of the economic problem, clearly economic matters will lose their former urgency. As Keynes pointed out, other preoccupations will rise to the surface, and these will be important ones—and important in an ultimate sense. We shall probably find, indeed we are already beginning to find, that they are more difficult to solve, politically less tractable.

Consider the advantages of dealing with an economic politics. Once a society is past the condition in which it must continually fear famine, once it is beyond a pervasive terror of economic failure, a wide range of bargains, deals and accommodations opens up. Men may compete with one another for the goods of the world, but they have almost endless room for settling their contests. As Gompers and his associates discovered, if one forgets ultimate things, immediate things become available. By



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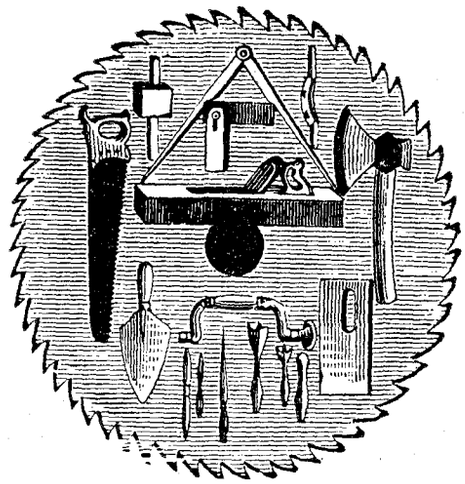
ignoring shibboleths like "control of the means of production," workers can have better wages, hours and working conditions—and can have them now. If a union will not try to challenge the boss's ownership of his factory, it can get him to agree to a wage increase. The union leader asks for an increase of 50c an hour. The boss offers an increase of 10c. After some haggling, perhaps after a rather harmless strike, the two sides settle on 20c. Good fellowship is renewed; everybody is satisfied for a while. If the satisfaction passes, the process can be run through again. And the process works: it works quite beautifully.

But consider what happens when I begin to suspect that you are attacking my religion. If you seem to be trying to suppress my forms of worship on the ground that you think them immoral, I am going to resist you bitterly and there will be no compromise between us. As a moral person, I must lay things, perhaps even my life, on the line. And you do the same. That is a formula for the most savage kind of politics, the sort that led to centuries of really terrible warfare in the past. Remembering that history, the founding fathers carefully took religion out of politics and established the principle of religious toleration. We have done our contending about economics, and by comparison it has been mere squabbling. In a money fight, sooner or later, you sit down with your opponent and bargain; in a religious fight, you must destroy him.

To some degree, the same applies to most issues of principle, that is, to most issues that are not primarily economic. If, for example, you are a black man and concerned with human dignity, the time may come when you are prepared to kill or be killed. Or if you are white and determined to protect the purity of your women from the vilest of threats, you may do the same. If you are convinced that a given war is simple murder, you may defy the laws and spit on the flag. However, if you are a patriot of the elemental sort, you may hurl yourself upon the defilers of the flag.

These are extreme examples, and yet we see them before us today. But there is more to the potential change in political priorities than just these two appalling issues of war and race. Americans are beginning to have time and energy for other, less conspicuous issues. Conservation, for example, used to mean sensible care not to waste natural resources of wood, minerals, etc.—concern for the economic resources. Today it means the intangibles of scenery, wilderness, threatened species like the whooping crane. One of the great political phenomena of recent years is the rapid growth of the new conservation movement. Individuals in all walks of life and of all political allegiances are banding together in some parts of the country to defend and protect such values. Many of these individuals are good solid middle-class citizens, clean-cut and without beards (although some of the beards are joining up too). Yet they often behave without regard to the conventions and niceties of traditional American politics, tending to ignore the appeals to be reasonable and to make bargains. Last year, there was bitter resistance to a scheme to put a big dam in the Grand Canyon. The statement of a leading conservationist sums up the matter very precisely: "It's the *Grand Canyon* they are talking about!" Here no compromise is possible. For the moment that dam project is in abeyance, but if it is ever built in any form it will not be because the conservationists struck a bargain. For them, any appeal to compromise is without meaning, and while they may conceivably be



defeated, they can hardly be expected to accept their defeat in a spirit of good fellowship. When the Grand Canyon is filled with a fluctuating reservoir, when the 2,000-year-old redwoods and the whooping crane are gone, something final will have happened, and nothing offered in return will pay for it.

If these and similar issues come in the future to be the preoccupying problems of politics and bring about a general change in the quality of political life, it still remains to be asked why haven't they been more conspicuous in the past. Part of the answer, the major part, is that hitherto we have simply found the economic and material problems more urgent. But why did they continue to be more urgent in the United States even past the time when most people had more than enough to eat? In different times and places in the nonaffluent past nonmaterial concerns have been thought more urgent. Probably much of the answer to this lies in the American commitment to equality; we have not been satisfied to relax our headlong rush for production and consumption of goods until most of the population among whom political power is diffused has had a substantial margin over sheer animal necessity.

But there is more to the answer than that. We have structured our political life *as though* economics were the substance of politics. We have framed things politically so as to treat nonmaterial problems as though they were economic, material and bargainable issues. The fiction works—up to a point. Thus we have been able to bargain with political counters of appointive jobs for immigrant ethnic groups and so in time have brought their members into full membership in our republic of producers and consumers. The process has worked far better than might have seemed possible if its basis had been made explicit in the beginning. But today we are having doubts that it will work with Negroes, our largest, oldest, and least assimilated ethnic group.

Beyond that, the general system of an economic politics is necessarily founded on some means of suppressing the

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nonmaterial and principled issues that can prove so divisive. We have found different ways to do just that—and have certainly paid a price in the inculcation among too many individuals of the belief that only material matters are serious. However, it is probably untrue that Americans at large are really committed to such belief. There is a tough, questioning spirit among Americans which belies the assertions of foreign critics that we are a wholly materialistic people. And the solution to this paradox of an at least partially nonmaterialistic people behaving politically as though life were wholly an economic matter goes back, I believe, to the fact that our political system has been devised to favor such behavior. Specifically, the pattern of decentralization and devolution of political life has on the whole offered better prospect of selfish and material than unselfish and nonmaterial rewards. In general, the tactics available to small communities are appropriate to small and immediate ends. These, in turn, are most probably, in the American culture at least, material and economic. With issues of principle, say social justice for men of all races, left in the hands of localities or private firms, what remains open is getting and spending. With so much political power defined into the hands of Arizona, the task of defending the Grand Canyon in all its natural and wasteful splendor is far more difficult than it would be if the decision were put up to the nation as a whole. The American people have a far smaller per capita money stake in damming the Canyon's potential kilowatts than do the people of Arizona.

But now we are rich beyond the dreams of yesterday. For many individuals, greater wealth has a sharply diminishing attraction. The large generation of college age has no memory of general depression. It is beginning to be free of "those pseudo-moral principles which have hag-ridden us for two hundred years, by which we have exalted some of the most distasteful of human qualities into the position of the highest virtues," once again to use the words of Keynes. And the division of America into a multitude of small constituencies as decreed in the political system which has served us so well in the past is also changing. Instead of the constituencies of states, towns and firms, we are perhaps being divided into opposing camps to contest values of a more fundamental sort. And just because the values are more fundamental, the quality of our political life may be becoming more tense, more bitter and more dangerous.

It would be a mistake to leap to the conclusion that the quality of political life we may see in the future will be worse than what we have known so far. My own view is that probably in an ultimate sense it will be better. But I am sure it will be more difficult.

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LETTERS (*Continued from page 458*)

prestige as the head of our country to request and receive time on television whenever he desires. (*Letter from Senator Fulbright to Mr. Spivak, a copy of which the latter has sent to me.*)

(2) Apparently after LBJ decided that a TV appearance was desirable, feelers came out of the White House in various directions. N.B.C. claims it simply acted faster than anyone else. (*Variety.*)

"It is clear to everyone in television that all the networks hold open invitations to the President and to his chief Cabinet officers, which the President can accept at short notice, as he did in the case of *Meet The Press*. That, I submit, is a command performance.

"What was meant by a 'controlled environment' is clear by full quotation from my column: '*Meet The Press* is a controlled environment: limited questions by a limited number of reporters, with little power to press for answers. Senators, who don't have to be respectful to their news sources, would be more critical, responsible and knowledgeable interrogators.' Senator Fulbright made essentially the same points in his letter."

The Editors

Chessman

Sacramento, Calif.

DEAR SIRS: Frank Donner's review of *The Farther Shores of Politics* [*The Nation*, March 11], while noting many of Mr. Thayer's errors and misstatements, accepts as fact the reference to Caryl Chessman as "this convicted murderer."

Chessman, whom I represented for twelve years, was never accused of murder. He was charged, convicted and executed under California's kidnapping statute, the so-called Little Lindbergh Law.

Regrettably, Mr. Donner lapses into further error in his next paragraph. Contrary to his statement, Chessman's guilt or innocence was—and is—very much an issue in the case.

Rosalie S. Asher

passing the nuclear buck

New York City

DEAR SIRS: A telegram addressed to the President—urging him not to authorize the use of nuclear weapons in Vietnam—was answered from the Pentagon. This seems an odd procedure. It is widely assumed that only the President can make decisions about the use of nuclear weapons, either tactical or strategic, so why should the White House send such a telegram to the Pentagon for answer? . . .

For some time our media have been full of statements, from a wide variety of sources, urging that tactical nuclear weapons be used to bring "victory" in Vietnam. It might be supposed that a President determined not to use them would welcome a word from dissenters to strengthen him against the proponents. To have the White House appear to defer to the Pentagon is not reassuring.

Helen Mears

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

Our Literary Anglo-Jewish Cousins

GERDA CHARLES
Miss Charles is a British novelist who edited Modern Jewish Stories (*Prentice-Hall*). *Her latest novel is* A Logical Girl (*Knopf*).

It was Jonathan Miller, one of the most brilliant of the younger Anglo-Jewish intellectuals (if not quite a writer pure) who declared every night during the long run of *Beyond the Fringe* that he wasn't a Jew but he was Jew-*ish*.

The statement, however sprightly, deserves consideration if only because a definition was tried for from the kind of acute, penetrating American angle seldom attempted in this country. Generally speaking the Anglo-Jewish writer and/or intellectual does not hold an endless, passionate and public dialogue with himself about the fact of his Jewishness. He is not nearly so committed, so interested, so unashamed of it as are his opposite numbers in America. The nerve of his Jewishness is there all right but for the most part lies quiet.

There are many well-documented reasons for this: most of them the result of the milder virtues of our society but equally a by-product of the tougher pressures of our class system. To the Anglo-Jewish writers (so newly arrived anyway) the act of creation is not only a marvel but a delicate marvel; not to be shaken or damaged by too heavy an insistence on where it comes from. Romantic about class, keen not to be included out, they have watched their step in a society where the confessional American qualities of curiosity and candor are not yet taken socially for granted. Similarly, the Jewish tradition of examination and argument has become somewhat muted in Britain—as against the impression one gets, reading some American-Jewish novels, of having stumbled into an updated version of 19th-century Talmudic discussion in a Lithuanian Yeshiva.

Considering that so much of the heat has been taken off the Jewishness of the Jewish writers in Britain, the fact that they have turned to their Jewish backgrounds as much as they have in their work is still a somehow unexplained mystery—as is the general Jewish renaissance in creative literature. It must be remembered that since Zangwill published *Children of the Ghetto* in 1892 there had hardly been any writing worth mentioning either by Jewish authors or about Anglo-Jewish life till, in 1958, the publication of *The Bankrupts* by Brian Glanville let loose, as if by a signal, the new wave—or small flood—which shows no sign of abating yet.

I call it a "small" flood since that is what it is. Though the phenomenon has been noticed, of course, it has had nothing like the impact which Jewish writing has had on the American scene. British critics, even eminent Jewish ones, on the national papers have preferred to seize on, say, the political or working-class content in Arnold Wesker's plays rather than the Jewishness. When a volume of short stories by Brian Glanville (in his other hat a well-known sporting journalist) was reviewed, it was his football stories which got all the attention, the Jewish stories which were largely ignored.

Mr. Glanville, it should be mentioned, is one of the very few authors who have taken the trouble to analyze the Jewish writers' situation here at all. The general —one can hardly call it disinterest but the general *limpness* is sharply highlighted by the difference between such comparatively healthy and influential Jewish journals as *Commentary* or *Midstream* or *Chicago Forum* and their one pale reflection over here, the *Jewish Quarterly*. This little magazine, miraculously still alive after some fifteen years of struggling existence, attempted a couple of years ago a symposium (on the lines of the famous *Commentary* survey of intellectual-Jewish opinion) which elicited some eight or nine declarations of attitude from our writers revealing some interesting if slightly dispiriting information; not least the fact that the sparkier, more fashionable and younger the writer, the shorter the contribution. There was a faint feeling (some of the best-known opting out altogether) of really not wanting to be bothered *thinking* about themselves as Jews any more. They were unaffected by the kind of relentless curiosity, at once stern and tender, about their Jewishness which so consumes the Americans.

Of those who did bother, by far the longest, finest and most deeply felt contribution came from Alexander Baron. Yet Baron's best work is not to be found in his "Jewish" novels but in his very remarkable war books. Baron's position neatly crystallizes the dilemma of the Anglo-Jewish writer whose Jewish consciousness goes one way, while the most powerful forces at work in his creative imagination operate in quite another part of the forest; an altogether different situation from the American-Jewish writer whose most creative strengths seem to be intricately woven together (whether in hate or love really doesn't matter) with his Jewishness.

Perhaps I am being a little unfair both to Baron and to one or two of our younger writers who have made a valiant attempt to give, without love perhaps but certainly with honesty (indeed rather too many warts for some tastes), some truths about Anglo-Jewish life as they see it. Brian Glanville's specialty is the Jewish family, particularly, of course, the parents, whom he has presented with an accuracy tart enough to elicit sharp cries of angry pain from those like enough to feel the sting.

An interesting comparison can be made between Glanville's mothers in such novels as *Diamond* or that small masterpiece *A Second Home* and, say, Bruce Jay Friedman's Meg in *A Mother's Kisses*. If Glanville, exact, deadly, uncannily perceptive as he is, does not penetrate to quite the depth to which Friedman's wild and hilarious plunges take him, this is not because he does not see as far but because he dare not put it down. In England the present context of literary manners, whatever anyone might say, is still dominated by peculiarly British standards of what may or may not be revealed. Our newly permissive society has its own conventions still. The English may have cast off all restraints on the length of their hair or skirts, drawn away the last veils from their vocabulary, may criticize royalty with impunity and satirize their politicians beyond all the calls of duty, but they still turn their heads away in a kind of agony of shyness from the naked workings of temperament. The vast range of implications behind the phrase "personality problem" (which Americans—and Jews—understand at once) either bores or shocks them.

The imagination of another of our younger writers, Frederic Raphael, has been wounded somewhere along the line (probably by anti-Semitism encountered at school), by the inescapable fact of Jewish persecution. At least two of his novels, *The Limits of Love* and *Lindmann* attempt to cope not with the Nazi phenomenon direct but with its effects on the safe, English Jew. For a time it seemed that Raphael and Philip Roth were going to develop along parallel lines at least technically (both of them showing

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a penchant for long, long stretches of short, short lines of dialogue), but with each of their later books they have drawn steadily apart. If Raphael now has any affinity at all to any American novelist it is not with the Jews but the gentiles; O'Hara crossed with Auchincloss perhaps. Roth, courageously going outward beyond his own experience, has somehow lost grip; Raphael, withdrawing to a certain articulate and fortunate level, has become aristocratic but self-centered.

If our novelists have not as yet produced a name to conjure with, the same cannot be said of our dramatists. Any reference to the London theatre of the past decade will automatically ring up the names of Arnold Wesker and Harold Pinter, both of whom have managed to impress themselves in a way the novelists haven't on the contemporary British scene; though this may well be due to their initial good luck in hitting the kitchen sink note at the precise moment when it became the rage.

In terms of sheer numbers and prestige this is so contrary to the American situation that one finds it tempting, with so many names to flourish—apart from the other two there is Peter Shaffer (very stylish), Bernard Kops, Frank Marcus, and a great many more—to say that dramatically the British Jews have it over the Americans. Yet it is really not possible to say that we have one enormous and serious talent to compare with Arthur Miller either in quality or even, the enigmatic Pinter apart, in sheer status.

Two final differences impossible to discount between the two groups: first, the curious fact that apart from Raphael, Chaim Bermant (primarily a humorist) and Wolf Mankowitz (a restless, maverick, bridge figure who actually confesses to *liking* the Jews), hardly one Anglo-Jewish writer has had the benefit of a university education. Wesker, Pinter and Kops never set foot on a campus. Glanville was diverted into journalism at 18. Baron never got there. Insofar as a trained mind accustomed to deep digging is more helpful than an untrained mind, this matters.

The second even more significant fact is that of age. There is simply no comparable equivalent here at all of that marvelously fecund group of middle-aged, American high talent (to put it at its least) now in its full, ripe, rushing glory. We have no Bellow, no Malamud, no Salinger, no Mailer, not even a Shaw or a Wouk. No one on the English scene has yet created archetypal figures of the order of Holden Caulfield—or even Hyman Kaplan!

Richly conscious Jewishness being so thin on the ground here it is difficult not to relate this paucity to our lack of giants. Anglo-Jewish writers, where they concern themselves with the Jewish experience, do so still very much from the outside. They are interested either in what other people do to them or in themselves as individuals who happen to be Jews. What they do not, perhaps cannot, bring themselves to examine is the mystical element at the center of Jewish nature. They avert their eyes from the demands which might be made upon them should they concede to the idea of group destiny. The possibility of the "specialness" of the Jew which would include a special kind of responsibility, a special brand of humility, appalls them. As a result, there is not one Anglo-Jewish writer who could have kept his unwilling eye long enough on the Jewish *Why?* to write *The Fixer*.

Greatly talented, elegant, showing every sign of developing that other American characteristic, sheer horsepower, our writers nevertheless have not as yet unloosed their gifts onto these larger, deeper questions which include the mystery, passion and pain at the heart of Jewish destiny.

Bills Past Due

A BILL OF RITES, A BILL OF WRONGS, A BILL OF GOODS. *By Wright Morris. New American Library. 176 pp. $5.50.*

PETER BEREK
Mr. Berek teaches English at Williams College.

Is it a measure of the sickness of our age that essays which take our temperature and find it feverish can seem so lacking in fresh insight? Do we nod because the patient needs no doctor to tell him where he hurts, or because the malady has weakened our capacity for feeling the shock of truth? Perhaps the patient is already dead. One of Wright Morris' better essays in *A Bill of Rites, A Bill of Wrongs, A Bill of Goods* is called "Reflections on the Death of the Reader." The reader is dead, says Morris, because he concerns himself with tracking reputations in the *New York Review of Books* instead of reading the books that journal is supposed to review. Having the dope—knowing Pritchett on Bellow, Mailer on McCarthy—is more important than the experience of reading imaginative literature, because the world cries out for communicable data. What happens, Morris asks, to Keats's belief in the holiness of the heart's affections and the truth of the imagination when the heart becomes an interchangeable part?

Wright Morris, after fourteen novels, all worthwhile, some of them excellent, tries to tell us how we are, not in fiction but in fact. If the death of the reader has stifled Morris' imagination, the loss is serious, all the more because Morris is a better diagnostician when he lies like a poet than when he tells the truths of the social scientist.

In his novels, Morris likes to take a small observed object, idea or phrase and let the imagination play with it. In *Love Among the Cannibals*, the gorgeous Greek kicks off her shoes before getting into bed, and Morris' metaphysical imagination turns the simple gesture into a metaphor for the novel's central act, "bolting." A garish American convertible stripped of everything portable by cheerful Mexican thieves tells us something about the metaphorical stripping the hero of the novel is undergoing, and also something about parking a convertible in Acapulco. But while there are vivid bits of observation in *A Bill of Rites*, most of the time the object observed is one with which we are all too familiar. A sightseeing old lady overtipping a waiter is (as Morris himself says) a character from one of his novels come to life, and she tells us far more about growing old gracelessly than does the *Dear Abby* letter about drinking senior citizens he quotes in the essay, "Going Crazy in Miami." But more commonly, Morris finds himself trying to freshen Los Angeles, the ears of Mr. Johnson's beagles, or the resonant voice of the Senate Minority Leader reciting the Pledge of Allegiance on the Red Skelton show. He cites these in an essay called "Mom & Pop Art" to argue that the banalities of real life outdo the banalities of Pop art at their own game. But most of his book tries to turn phenomena equally prevalent and equally fatuous into metaphors for the Modern Condition. What, one asks, can such things stand for either sillier or (alas) more significant than themselves?

A world so bizarre that art can hardly imagine what to do with it is Morris' major subject in his book. He gazes upon the Vietnamese War, the space program, Haight-Ashbury, television commercials, Mr. McLuhan, Mr. Warhol, and to nobody's surprise he discovers selfishness, mindlessness and hopelessness. What can a man do? He can rage. A book written in anger is likely to suffer from the defects of anger—petulance, repetition, disorganization. These are certainly the vices of *A Bill of Rites*. An epigraph tells us, in Henry James's words, that the case was "magnificent for pitiless ferocity." But ferocity must exclude self-pity along with pity for abuses, and Morris hasn't done

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so. Morris also quotes T. S. Eliot on "The conscious impotence of rage/At human folly." Conscious impotence may be the only stance available to a serious writer today, but Morris' rage doesn't make for orderly social criticism.

"Of our rapidly diminishing natural resources one remains inexhaustible," says Morris: "our genius for coining the memorable word or phrase for things we do not like." Indeed, the rage of this gifted writer occasionally produces a passage of lively railing. "The American novel and the American adolescent," he says, "seem to emerge equally from the nursery and the attic." Marshall McLuhan "runs a rake through the bins of history and hastily assembles his own collage." The hucksters of the New Sensibility "specialize in gorging and upchucking. . . . It has been found that the mind can be emptied as easily, and to better effect, than the stomach." Of the inevitable day when the acidhead hippie passes 30 and ceases to be trustworthy: "It is interesting to speculate what will happen when he tunes in on his first dry martini, and experiences the strange, rocky euphoria of the cocktail hour. That will be new. . . . The full circle of this syndrome will be complete when the alcoholic hippy, put into dry dock, is treated with LSD to put him back on his feet." One hundred seventy pages of such writing is too much.

Before he became an autobiographical symbol, Norman Podhoretz wrote a famous essay in which he announced that one traditional function of the novel, "bringing the news" about the current scene, had now been assumed by essays and magazine articles. Morris makes that claim seem even more tenuous than it is. His novel, *In Orbit*, describes the coincidental joint passage through a fresh-water college town of a motorcycle-riding young draft dodger and a tornado. As a commentary on the strange spinnings of men and events as they orbit from where they were to where they are going, the novel is to *A Bill of Rites* as dinner at Julia Child's is to potluck at a diner. There are good jokes in the book—the helmeted and goggled cyclist is described as "a spaceman" by the half-witted farm lady he tries to rape—but the jokes also give the reader some cause for reflection about the problems of making sense of someone young, free and aimless. Reading *In Orbit* serves as a fresh reminder of what we have known all along: that the discipline of form gives to an artist's perceptions a fullness far exceeding anything available to a purveyor of information. Wright Morris implies this very point in *A Bill of Rites, A Bill of Wrongs, A Bill of Goods*; he ought to have acted accordingly. We readers may be weakening, but reports of our death are greatly exaggerated.

The Relevance of Nietzsche

JAMES GUTMANN
Mr. Gutmann is professor emeritus of philosophy at Columbia University. He has translated works of German philosophers and edited Marcus Aurelius' Meditations *and Spinoza's* Ethics.

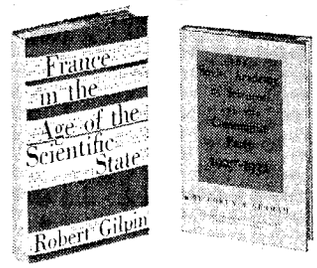
Nietzsche's extraordinary relevance in the present juncture of affairs makes the publication of these four volumes a particularly notable occasion. Nietzsche's work as a whole has long seemed to me to be best understood as a study of the corrupting influence of human weakness and the possibilities of strength capable of elevating men beyond mankind's present limitations. In an age which gave lip service to Acton's dictum about power, while engaging in a ruthless scramble for social, economic and political power, the Nietzschean warning that weakness corrupts went largely unheeded. Recent events, including such phenomena as the struggle for black power and psychological investigations which Nietzsche anticipated, make these products of Walter Kaufmann's fresh and vigorous scholarship most welcome.

Ever since Kaufmann published his *Nietzsche: Philosopher, Psychologist, Antichrist* in 1950, he has been recognized as an authoritative interpreter of Nietzsche. The publication, in 1954, of *The Portable Nietzsche* with Kaufmann's versions of *Thus Spoke Zarathustra, Twilight of the Idols, The Antichrist, Nietzsche contra Wagner* and excerpts from other texts, plus the appearance during the past year of four additional volumes of translation and commentary, gives ample evidence of Professor Kaufmann's pre-eminence as Nietzsche scholar and interpreter for all who read Nietzsche in English. For these volumes are not only admirable translations but skillfully edited texts with helpful introductions, appropriate commentary and other pedagogical devices including a useful bibliography (in the *Birth of Tragedy-Case of Wagner* volume), all well designed for students and for a wider range of readers. There is no artificial attempt to secure uniformity of treatment which would have been most inappropriate in presenting an author who eschewed conventional modes of systematic philosophy.

(*Continued on page 481*)

France and the brain drain—

Russia and the brain pool—



FRANCE IN THE AGE OF THE SCIENTIFIC STATE
By Robert Gilpin, Jr.

The author of *American Scientists and Nuclear Weapons Policy* examines France's leadership in the battle against United States and Russian scientific hegemony in Europe. He warns that if Europe remains disunited in its administration of scientific policy and continues to be "the main world importer of discoveries and exporter of brains," it may become steadily weaker in international affairs. *Published for the Center of International Studies, Princeton University.* $12.50

THE SOVIET ACADEMY OF SCIENCES AND THE COMMUNIST PARTY, 1927-1932
By Loren R. Graham

No other academy, university, or research foundation dominates the field of science in its country to the degree that the Soviet Academy does. This study describes the eventually successful efforts of the Communist Party to control the Academy of Sciences which before 1928 had not a single party member. "This book more than anything we have had before presents a clear picture of the social history of Soviet scientific organizations." —*Derek de Solla Price. Studies of the Russian Institute, Columbia University.* $6.50

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Fragments of the Verse Play 'Venise sauvee' by Simone Weil

Among the papers which Simone Weil left at her death in 1943 was the manuscript of a dramatic tragedy titled *Venise sauvée,* in three acts, composed partly in verse and partly in prose. She had not finished the play, though she had worked on it, with prolonged interruptions, during the last four years of her life, first at Vichy in the summer of 1940 immediately after the fall of France, and last in London the year she died. To say that the play is unfinished is not, however, to classify it as a fragment in the usual sense. In the case of *Venise sauvée,* Simone Weil filled in the as yet uncomposed parts with extensive notations showing what she intended to do, and also toward the middle and end of the play, in Acts II and III, she virtually completed the composition.

As her biographer, Jacques Cabaud, has shown, there was an increasing devotion in Simone Weil for the value of the work of art above almost all other human endeavors. She embodies her respect for beauty in the attitude of Jaffier, the central character of her play, and in the image of the city of Venice. The city is threatened by rapacious politics, represented in the characters of Pierre and of Renaud, most intensely in the latter, two of whose speeches are printed here—his dream of power and the subsequent collapse of that dream.

To purify politics, to humble force before the vision of beauty is the major theme of Simone Weil's play. The burden of this theme falls upon her character, Jaffier, whose nature leads him to surrender power and suffer the helplessness that follows from this surrender, for Simone Weil was always a realist about politics. There was no painless resolution for her in this realm.

1.
PIERRE

(to Jaffier)

My friend, near to my heart, you are at the point of triumph.
This city's yours, tonight you will clasp her
With a mortal grip in which her whole body will obey you.
You will possess her. How thrilling to be the master!
You were born for that, to conquer, to command.
Tomorrow, friend, how sweet it will be to meet again.
You'll tell me of our victory, while we walk
This great city that will be ours entirely!
Ours, the two of us, my friend. Ah! I want tomorrow to be here.

—ACT II, SCENE 4

2.
RENAUD

(to the mercenaries)

See, at your feet, the city full of murmurs.
All that is yours, to do with as you please;
To kill at random, playfully, whom you wish.
Those who survive will owe you the light of day.
Tomorrow, the days following, each will step aside;
Before you the proudest of them will lower their eyes.
No one will dare oppose your desires.

—ACT II, SCENE 9

3.
RENAUD

(before the prison)

I could have governed a State great as the world.
I was born for that. My whole soul thirsted for it.
Not even for a single day did I possess my destiny.
What I dreamed—I will have done nothing to make it be.
My dream is finished; they're going to come to kill me now.
I carried in my heart, in secret, the kingdom of the world;
There is nothing more in me but emptiness; I am void.
There, in that prison, before dawn, in an instant
The two hands of a hangman will become my universe.
Why, why is that? I have no more strength. I am like ice.
All I wished for is going to vanish forever.

—ACT III, SCENE 3

JAFFIER

(to the Secretary of the Council)

Have pity on me on the ground at your knees,
Who yesterday held your fate in my hands,
I, who saved you. Yesterday, yesterday, you heard me;
Can my voice no longer reach beyond my lips?
No answer! I am nothing; all is deaf around me.
If I had wanted, the whole city now
Would hold its breath at the least word I said;
And you, you would have me for master. Oh! who, who held me back?

—ACT III, SCENE 4

Note and Translations by William Burford

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Kaufmann presents Nietzsche as "not only a great thinker but also a fascinating human being of exceptional complexity and integrity." He views him as "one of the greatest German writers and philosophers of all time and one of the most interesting and influential Europeans of the nineteenth century." So regarded, he is a climactic figure in the great succession of post-Kantian thinkers, the special heir, however much he differs from them, of Hegel and of Schopenhauer. But Nietzsche can also be read as part of another tradition in which, as he himself acknowledges, he often seems more at home, and which includes Montaigne, Voltaire and Emerson. If I lean to this view it is, perhaps because of the influence of Ernst Cassirer, one of the most hospitable philosophic minds of our day who, in a conversation, told me he would have none of Nietzsche's speculations though he esteemed him as a man of letters.

Kaufmann by no means neglects this aspect of Nietzsche's eminence; indeed he constantly calls attention to it. Thus, in his introduction to *The Will to Power*, he asserts: "Nietzsche is Germany's greatest prose stylist, and his language is a delight at every turn like a poet's—more than that of all but the greatest poets." Whether or not one assents to this judgment, it should be noted that Kaufmann is not uncritical of Nietzsche as a stylist or, for that matter, as a philosopher. He writes that "much of *The Birth of Tragedy* is badly overwritten and murky," but adds that Nietzsche himself pointed this out. Commenting on the "Aftersong: From High Mountains," which concludes *Beyond Good and Evil* Kaufmann confesses that he does not admire the poem which to him seems sentimental. He adds, again with questionable hyperbole, that "Nietzsche did know loneliness as few men have ever known it."

As noted, Kaufmann wisely makes no attempt to secure uniformity in guiding his readers through these four volumes, but provides appropriate apparatus, brief introductions to each of the six works and hundreds of footnotes by way of running commentary. This mode of interpretation is facilitated by the fact that Nietzsche himself did not make use of footnotes, except in *The Case of Wagner* in which there were three. There is clear indication of changes which Nietzsche introduced into successive editions (particularly variations from the first edition of *Beyond Good and Evil*, which Kaufmann used for his translation). There are appendices with passages which Nietzsche cites from his own writings (in the *Genealogy of Morals* most of the aphorisms to which Nietzsche refers are provided and others besides), relevant selections from Nietzsche's correspondence, and in the case of *Ecce Homo*, for which Kaufmann wisely gives more comprehensive and detailed commentary than for any of the other works, previously untranslated variants in Nietzsche's drafts. All of this apparatus is offered with unpretentious tact and—with one possible exception—should interest general readers as well as students.

The possible exception is the supplementary material included in the volume of *The Will to Power*, consisting of eight facsimile pages of Nietzsche's *Nachlass*—the posthumously published selections from Nietzsche's notebooks which his editors assembled to form the work which has, ever since, caused confusion and special problems for Nietzsche scholars—together with an appendix giving Kaufmann's commentary on the facsimiles.

Here Kaufmann renews an attack which he made in a 1964 article, "Nietzsche in the Light of his Suppressed Manuscripts," criticizing the 3-volume edition of Nietzsche's works by Karl Schlechta. He argues that the alterations of Nietzsche's manuscripts made or approved by Nietzsche's sister and revealed by Schlechta when, after the Second World War, the Nietzsche archives were opened to scholars, are philosophically unimportant and probably have slight philological significance. When Schlechta first presented his findings they roused special interest, in part because of the use which Nazi editors had made of the *Nachlass*. The matter is further complicated by the fact, as Kaufmann remarks, that "Schlechta's edition is *less* faithful to the manuscripts than the edition of 1911 (vols. XV and XVI of the revised Grossoktav edition), notwithstanding his explicit claims which have been widely taken on credit on both sides of the Atlantic."

Be all this as it may, Kaufmann is surely right in stating that the books Nietzsche "finished are his legacy and that his notebooks are of secondary interest." Though students should continue

By Friedrich Nietzsche

THE BIRTH OF TRAGEDY *and* THE CASE OF WAGNER. *223 pp. $1.65.* BEYOND GOOD AND EVIL. *256 pp. $1.65. Both translated by Walter Kaufmann. Vintage Original paperbacks.*

ON THE GENEALOGY OF MORALS *and* ECCE HOMO. *Vintage Original paperback. 367 pp. $1.95.* THE WILL TO POWER. *Both translated by Walter Kaufmann and R. J. Hollingdale. Random House. 576 pp. $10.*

Public welfare vs. poverty—the concept & the controversy

THE STRUGGLE FOR SOCIAL SECURITY 1900-1935
Roy Lubove

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In this first over-all study of the evolution of the social security concept in the United States up to the New Deal, Mr. Lubove analyzes the violent controversy it ignited over fundamental issues of liberty, welfare, and the responsibilities of the state in a democratic society. In looking closely at the conflict – the debate over such issues as workmen's compensation and old-age pensions – this book provides a thorough examination of broad themes in the social history of 20th-century America, and a valuable clarification of the role of public and private institutions that has special relevance for today's anti-poverty struggles. *Center for the Study of the History of Liberty in America.* $6.95

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to consult *The Will to Power* and see how Nietzsche used some of the notes assembled in it for his finished works and his discarding of others, it is hardly a book to be read and, in my opinion, the last to be recommended to the general reader. *Beyond Good and Evil* is probably the best introductory reading, to be followed by *The Genealogy of Morals. Thus Spoke Zarathustra* like *The Will to Power* illustrates the epigram which Kaufmann quotes from Hegel: "What is well-known is not necessarily known merely because it is well-known."

In translating *On the Genealogy of Morals* and *The Will to Power* Kaufmann had the collaboration of R. J. Hollingdale, author of an excellent biography, Nietzsche: *The Man and His Philosophy,* and translator of *Thus Spoke Zarathustra* in the Penguin series.

Nietzsche's thought and vision are increasingly relevant. His analyses of human weakness and his vision of the possibilities of human power, his awareness of the dissolution of traditional values of Christendom, his sense of urgency of a revaluation of traditional values, the almost apocalyptic anticipation of wars to come, make his writings singularly topical. Of course he has been foolishly held responsible for the conditions which he foresaw—much as physicians' diagnoses are blamed as being a cause of disease. He, the "Good European," the critic of Prussian nationalism, was bracketed with the saber-rattling Treitschke during the First World War. When the Nazis attempted to claim him he had to be bowdlerized, among other reasons, because of his vigorous opposition to anti-Semitism.

There is an extraordinary photograph of Hitler on a visit to the Nietzsche archive. The *Führer,* scowling, is at the extreme left, separated as far as possible from a bust of the philosopher or, rather, one half of the statue which the photographer, with true symbolism, included in his frame. Readers of Kaufmann's volumes should be able to interpret the symbolism and recognize the significance of the photograph as a historical document.

People of Sanchez

FORGOTTEN PEOPLE. *By George I. Sanchez. Calvin Horn. 98 pp. $5.75.*

PHILIP DARRAUGH ORTEGO
Mr. Ortego is a cultural linguist who teaches English language and literature at New Mexico State University.

In the publisher's introduction to the reissue of George I. Sanchez's definitive study of New Mexicans, Calvin Horn states: "It is a privilege to republish this long-standing New Mexico classic which 27 years ago dramatized the essence of the inherent problems of the people of northern New Mexico." And unfortunately Mr. Horn is right when he says: "It is sad to note that since the appearance of *Forgotten People* in 1940, little has changed in the condition of the northern New Mexican except the passage of time."

Underwritten by a Carnegie Corporation grant, Dr. Sanchez set out to study the plight of his people in rural New Mexico in those waning depression years of 1938 and 1939. His report of the economic, social and political conditions of Taos County, New Mexico, became the first edition of *Forgotten People*; the subsequent edition of 1940 was brought out by the University of New Mexico Press.

In those prewar days, the status of the Spanish-speaking New Mexican (a term which Dr. Sanchez prefers over the designation Spanish-American or Mexican-American) was pretty grim when measured with the Anglo socio-economic yardstick of the time. Then, as now, the Spanish-speaking New Mexican constituted more than half of the population of the state. And though descendants of Spanish colonials are a proud—one is almost too quick to say arrogant—people, the years of Anglo domination have reduced many of them to a pathetic level of economic peonism.

Dr. Sanchez declared his intent in the preface to the 1940 edition of his study: "to go behind and beyond the facts in an attempt to achieve subjective identification with the New Mexican and to give life to the facts and color to their portrayal." He did. And as a social philosopher he was right of course in his conclusion that "cold facts alone do not portray a society."

Going "behind and beyond the facts" he detailed the day-to-day struggle of the New Mexican, first under the Spanish conquistadors, then the Mexicans, and finally the Americans. He saw that geography had indeed created a sort of "cultural isolation" where "literacy became the exception rather than the rule," where religion, music and fiestas became the cultural sustenance of the people. "In the march of imperialism," he wrote, "a people were forgotten, cast aside as the by-product of territorial aggrandizement."

The southwestern territories may be the fruits of American conquest; but for the Hispanic southwesterner, the Anglo conquest has come to be—to use a phrase coined by André Gide—"a fruit filled with bitter ashes," indeed "like those colocinths of the desert that grow in a parched and burning soil." And unfortunately the parched and burning soil produced only the most primitive kind of agricultural economy, as Dr. Sanchez discovered. This 16th-century agrarian mentality has left the New Mexicans "unprepared to act in their new environment." For as Dr. Sanchez pointed out:

"A populace, ignorant of modern ways, was thrown into a situation which would task the most enlightened societies. Centuries behind the times, without a democratic tradition, unaware of their rights and status, and incapable of voicing their views and feelings, they became cannon fodder for political guns."

By 1940, some New Mexicans had taken great strides forward, but for the most part social status simply reflected economic insufficiency. Furthermore, lack of education was a handicap "in the exercise of . . . political power." Things have improved only slightly since. In the southwest, the average number of school years completed by Spanish-speaking children is about seven years, while for the Anglo child it is about twelve. The disparity is still great. This educational hiatus is reflected further in the unemployment rate among the Spanish-speaking adults. And because he speaks a foreign language, the New Mexican has become a foreigner in his own country. Only recently, at the insistence of Senator Yarborough (D., Tex.), has bilingual education loomed as a reality.

But Dr. Sanchez saw the problem of his people as more than that of bilingualism; he saw it as one of cultures in conflict, necessitating massive federal aid and the education of Americans (particularly administrators) to the inherent problems of the New Mexicans. His vision did not take in direct political activism as a part of the solution, for he believed in the orderly process of social and economic evolution.

In a new preface to the reissue of *For-*

Of special interest to *Nation* readers is the publication of *Gothic Politics in the Deep South: Stars of the New Confederacy,* by *Nation* Washington correspondent Robert Sherrill (Grossman, $6.95). Several lengthy sections of the book first appeared in these pages. It is a study of the careers of seven Southern politicians: Leander Perez, Orval Faubus, George Smathers, James Eastland, Herman Talmadge, Strom Thurmond and George Wallace.

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gotten People, Dr. Sanchez comments reluctantly:

> In those distant younger days, though I did not ignore reality, I did harbor a modicum of optimism. Maybe, somehow, the forgotten people of my homeland would be remembered and redeemed. Maybe as the nation grew more affluent, and wiser perhaps, it would roll back the pages of history and pay the long overdue debt it incurred when it forced itself on my people. I had hopes, though very slim ones, that, at the very least, a repentant nation would help us lift ourselves by our bootstraps. Instead, it took away our boots! Where are our land grants, for example?

These are the land grants that were to be vouchsafed by the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo which transferred the southwestern territories from the Republic of Mexico to the United States and which the firebrand northern New Mexico leader, Reies Tijerina (el Tijere), with his diminishing Federal Alliance of Land Grants is trying desperately to reclaim now.

Dr. Sanchez concludes sadly: "For many of us, things are better than they once were. We eat better, we dress better, and we speak English without an accent. This is a good life. But, mine are still forgotten people."

Forgotten People is as relevant today as it was in 1940. It is one of the great books in the literature of the Southwest.

A Kane's-eye view of 'Europe's Other Half'

In this newest of his "A to Z" series, Bob Kane opens the curtain — wide: beds are frequently too narrow but bikinis are happily synonymous with beaches ...Czechs can be bores but Poles perky . . . Americans and Russians are similarly gregarious, sensitive, fun-loving. Here it is — Romania's muraled monasteries, Hungary's still-great cuisine, Bulgaria's new Riviera, Yugoslavia's East-West mélange, Ulbricht's Berlin — a characteristically unvarnished Kane appraisal, from politics to packing, hotels to handicrafts, Moscow to the Moldau.

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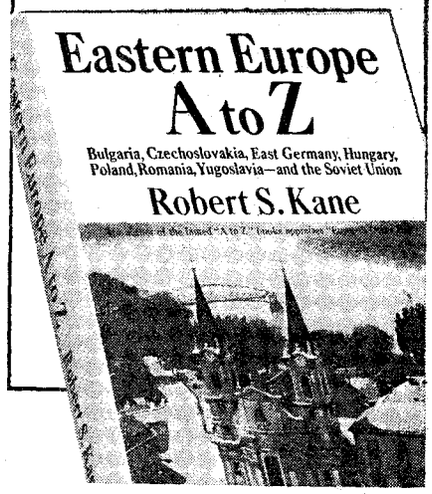
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Robert S. Kane

A Here and Now Hell

A CHANGE OF SKIN. *By Carlos Fuentes. Translated by Sam Hileman. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 462 pp. $6.95.*

ELMER BENDINER

Mr. Bendiner, writer and editor, is the author of The Bowery Man *(Thomas Nelson).*

To medieval man, as to fundamentalist preachers, hell was real but remote, waiting in an afterlife that made the sinner fear to die. Mid-century man, freed of myth, brings hell to life.

That is the particular horror of Carlos Fuentes' Inferno, passionately described in his latest novel, *A Change of Skin.* It is a hell of barbed wire and extermination ovens, napalm and corruption. Satan, in Fuentes' demonology, is power, wherever it is wielded: in Berlin, Washington, Moscow, or in the beds of sexual combat. Disenchantment is the food of hell's inhabitants, and romantic ideology the black mass.

The avenging angels are a band of pot-smoking, guitar-strumming youngsters in skintight pants. (No flower people, these.) Appropriately called the Monks, they hand down their judgments while fornicating in a Saturnalia that would revolt the demons of Hieronymus Bosch, although it may stir mere clinical interest among present-day readers.

Fuentes also differs from medieval explorers of hell in that he offers no clue to salvation. Or if he does, this wandering shade mistook it for another category of damnation. This is not impossible because Fuentes leads his readers through a tangled forest where symbols hang like Spanish moss and all the paths are quicksand.

The journey starts in a car driven by an architect who once planned the ovens for the Nazis while he mooned for his lost Jewish sweetheart. With him is an American Jewish woman, her Mexican husband who was once a promising romantic poet, and her husband's young Mexican mistress. They are bound from *Mexico City to Veracruz* during Holy Week.

Their lives are slowly pieced together in flashbacks that accumulate detail like a canvas on which a painter piles pigment until his figures seem like bas-reliefs. What at first appears to be romantic fiction—a poet and his bride on an Ionian island—turns slowly into something else. Sweet embraces become deadly duels and the bed turns into an arena. The Sudeten German student of architecture listens to Brahms, walks the ancient streets of Prague with his love, only to see her again in a death camp of his own design.

The poet who sacrifices women in the name of art—a pathetic, unfulfilled scholastic sort of art, at that—shares a Nazi-like guilt of cruelty in the name of a cause. And even the victims, however beautiful, turn unlovely at the end.

If this were not enough, a narrator, who cross-examines the characters and preaches to the reader, remorselessly strips away whatever prettiness remains and lets the horror in. It is perhaps merciful that halfway through the book Fuentes stops the pretense that his characters are flesh and blood with whom a reader can identify. They become symbols like the skulls and skeletons that adorn the celebration of All Saints' Day in Fuentes' native Mexico.

Readers who expect a novel to be inhabited by people may at that point abandon hope and leave the book to those with a taste for modern miracle

THE SHOWER

In the steam of the shower
that conquers the mirrors,
your body drops its outlines
to waver like a breath not taken
between form and memory.

A moment before
this flesh
which now so easily abandons you
bound me in love.

MICHELE MURRAY

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plays and parables, magical portents and oracular mysteries.

A lesser writer than Fuentes following such a pattern might become ridiculous. And even Fuentes narrowly escapes that fate on occasion. Although his mysteries tantalize, his obscurities tend to irritate. Yet when his narrator becomes too explicit the prophet goes pedestrian. Those moments are awkward but they are only moments, however bad, and they pass. What saves the day for Fuentes is the intoxicating prose we have been led to expect from him. Here it is rendered from the Spanish into brilliant luxuriant English by Sam Hileman.

A Change of Skin can be—must be—read on many levels. As a philosophic plea for nihilism—if that is what it is—it is unimpressive. As social criticism it is devastating, but the shambles has been itemized before and the denial of even the tiniest light leaves a darkness one cannot see. There may be a kind of compassion, expressed most clearly for a manikin child born in the midst of a brothel's orgy, but pity is smothered in the sternness of Judgment Day.

As a new Old Testament prophet, however, Fuentes demands attention, and if the times call for an oracle to warn of doom, at least we have a voice that makes music when it cries in the wilderness.

Book Marks

THE SOPHOMORE. *By Barry Spacks. Prentice-Hall. 207 pp. $4.95.*

Spacks's hero is a runner; at 22 he is still a sophomore in college, has been trying to complete a paper on Aristotle and Plato for five weeks and likes to collect the last words of famous men. When the girl he's been living with lies to him and tells him she's pregnant, the sophomore guiltily leaves and accidentally meets his old roommate, an unhappily married college professor. The roommate and his wife return with the hero; naturally the roommate just barely does *not* make love to the girl friend, nor the sophomore with the roommate's wife. Until the runner becomes the coach, the track he follows is a never-ending circle. Luckily, Spacks's imagination is capable of a gentle self-irony that allows his characters to become more important than their problems; and though in his striving for a prose style he occasionally achieves the same faults for which he criticizes his characters—an arched mannerism that resembles wit but is only the absence of it—his honest feelings allow his novel to make a comment upon a quality of American middle-class life that is not solely restricted to those who comfortably nest within the groves of Academe.

HAIL, HERO! *By John Weston. McKay. 215 pp. $4.50.*

Mr. Weston's lyrical sensibility is on the side of the angels—that is, he is against war and hate and for youth and love; if his hero were the least bit attractive, he might have turned out a good propaganda novel. Instead this book about the day in a young boy's life when he sees his family for the first time in two years and is due to leave the next morning for boot camp because he has joined up, leaves one with the impression that the hawks are right: demonstrators are stupid, uppity kids. Karl, the hero, quotes some Shakespeare and knows Beowulf—so much for his brilliance; he has helped cripple his brother—so much for his sensitivity; he runs around his father's ranch in several different loincloths, or nude—so much for his love for freedom. His father, of course, is a brute; his mother is misunderstood and his crippled brother is going to pull through, while Karl goes off to war hoping to make his murderer love him. The real demonstrators and draft resisters on the contrary are circled by mortality and grow up; and the shedding of many of their obnoxious personal attitudes—so amply manifested in Karl—without the loss of their radical political sentiments is one of the most heroic things about them, worthy of one's respect; all Mr. Weston's hero commands is a vague sympathy—the kind we might feel for a sad buffoon.

PAXTON QUIGLEY'S HAD THE COURSE. *By Stephen H. Yafa. Lippincott. 195 pp. $4.50.*

Epithets from famous novels give impressive weight to insubstantial efforts; and the quote from *Notes from the Underground* that begins Mr. Yafa's first book at first seems only remotely concerned with this novel about an intelligent fraternity boy who, having affairs with three Bennington girls at the same time, is locked up in an attic by all of them and made to service them regularly every four hours. But, like a fraternity prank, the nature of the action quickly alters from cute to horrific, resulting in a small tragedy. The change, while it gives a certain interest to the novel—art imitating life—demands that the reader spend his time discovering the subject matter rather than the author's and his own points of view toward it—a definite weakness, but the only one in the book. Mr. Yafa is a writer of real talent and possesses an impressive and compassionate imagination; he has his own characters and prose style that at its best is neither cute nor mawkish. His achievement can be measured by the fact that, by the end of his lyrical narrative of first love and early squalor, Dostoyevsky's prefacing remark seems more an accompaniment to Mr. Yafa's text than a gloss on it.

THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

Joe Orton's *Loot* (Biltmore Theatre) was a hit in London and the winner of a critics' prize there three seasons ago. I have no very strong feelings about it. Its black humor did not offend me, its boldness provoked no great gusts of laughter in me. I came, I saw and I tried to understand why it left me very nearly indifferent.

It is a well-written play: its dialogue is fleet and spanking. Though its plot and technique are farcical, the play may be thought a satire. A couple of young men —one an undertaker's assistant, the other the son of a woman who has just died—have robbed a bank. They have hidden the booty in a wardrobe in the widower's home where the deceased is also lying in state. When a detective threatens to inspect the wardrobe the two culprits contrive to remove the loot by placing it in the coffin, having first wrapped the corpse in a blanket to make it look like a tailor's dummy and thrust *it* into the wardrobe. From this point the corpse—which has been undressed—is trundled back and forth, like a piece of troublesome luggage, in a series of imbroglios too frequent to enumerate.

Besides the youthful scamps and the stupidly brutal and corrupt sleuth from Scotland Yard, there is present a notorious killer who in the guise of a nurse has murdered the lady in the bundle as a first step toward marrying the widower, who would himself eventually be knocked off. At the final curtain it is arranged that the lethal lady will instead marry the undertaker's assistant who will probably fare no better than the other men whom she has wed.

The police are the butt of most of the jokes. Religion—especially the Catholic—is almost equally derided. Nor are love, sex, death spared mockery. The English, being a most respectful and respectable people, enjoy kicking over the traces in *play*. They make the best audiences for every sort of buffoonery, every "game" which permits them to loosen the braces of their etiquette. Hence the success of this play in London, where its whacky irreverence conveyed in smart speech meets with special appreciation.

Just as bedroom farce has almost disappeared from the stage because nowa-

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days adultery is no longer of particular moment, so it seems to me that amorality can induce only a slight tremor of mirth in a time when a sense of morality has become more residual than real.

Loot makes the impression of having been written without any feeling at all; it seems disengaged even from the objects of its scorn. Orton's coldness leaves me cold. The horror in Pinter is cutting or funny because for all his air of detachment he is horrified. His jokes provide a mask to hide his hurt.

A further cause for my lack of response to *Loot* is the peculiar flaccidity in the production by Derek Goldby. Rapid-fire movement and delivery do not, as commonly supposed, make for pace. There is plenty of bustle in the show but little comic spirit. For all the dashing about the effect is one of inertia.

A capable cast—George Rose, Carole Shelley and others—ought to be hilarious, so the audience behaves as if they were. They aren't.

The extraordinarily fine company of the Vienna *Burgtheater* (Austria's national stage established as such in 1776) has opened a four-week season at the City Center. People interested in acting excellence should not fail to see at least one of the scheduled four productions. Theatre buffs will wish to see them all. For those who have no German, translations through earphones are supplied for a modest sum.

The first play given—a solid piece of writing and social observation—was Arthur Schnitzler's *Professor Bernhardi*, written in 1912. Schnitzler, best known here for *Anatol* and *La Ronde* (or "Roundelay"), composed either piquant or delicately mournful and always thoroughly civilized comedies and dramas reflecting the honeyed cynicism of Vienna's love life as the empire of which it was the capital waltzed to its extinction. But *Professor Bernhardi* is an altogether different sort of play. Fundamentally grim, it retains the grace of the gently melancholy smile characteristic of its author.

What is explored without heat or grimace is Austria's endemic anti-Semitism. Schnitzler was a doctor and *Bernhardi* concerns the scandal set in motion when the head of a hospital who happens to be a Jew refuses to allow a priest to administer extreme unction to a young girl about to die. Bernhardi's action is founded entirely on medical grounds: he maintains that the girl is unaware of her condition, is in fact living her last moments in a state of euphoria, hopeful of recovery. He wants her to pass away without the anguish which the sight of the priest would bring about. The girl does die immediately after she is informed that the priest has come to perform the final sacrament.

Due to various professional pressures within the hospital itself, in addition to the more or less declared anti-Semitism of certain factions within and around it, the incident becomes an "affair." Hitler and the consequences of the *Anschluss* are far in the future, but Schnitzler exposes the seeds from which they sprang.

There is no great strife or tragedy in the play—while sober its tone is generally light—however, Bernhardi is sentenced to prison for two months. On his release, he is reinstated in his position with the congratulations of most of his colleagues and the acclaim of his students. The play shows a great deal of Austrian society of the period (1910)—its manners, politics, charm, arrogance, constriction and self-deprecation.

The silken smooth acting is subdued, unemphatic, utterly convincing. This is a realism remarkable above all for its refinement. It is not psychological or soulfully profound in the Russian mode, nor distressed and turbulent as it occasionally is with us. It is a suave realism in which breeding, intelligence, a covert humor and genuine maturity are everywhere evident. It is "chamber music," with every actor in the cast playing like a master.

There is too a slight tinge of theatricality, an artful though never obtrusive exhibition of sheer skill—like a fragrance or a form of illumination which creates an aura the source of which we cannot detect. It is the very cream of Austrian craftsmanship, traditional and yet ever tasteful. Whether it can rise to the romantic heights of Schiller's *Maria Stuart* we have yet to see. But in the Schnitzler comedy, the company is supreme. I name no one in the large cast because all the actors stand on an equally high level according to the nature of their parts.

I love Chekhov's *The Cherry Orchard* too much to speak of the shortcomings of its production at the Lyceum by the A.P.A. Besides I have been spoiled in regard to this masterpiece because I first saw it staged by the "original" Moscow Art Theatre, with Stanislavsky as an unforgettable Gaev, and by several other Muscovite performances of a later date. The play is well nigh indestructible.

Though I have often discoursed—even ranted—about theatre art as an organism in which text and performance constitute the Play, I am tempted in this instance to reverse myself and say that if you have never seen *The Cherry Orchard* or only seen it once before (and that long ago) you will not be sorry to see it now. Chekhov's genius honestly treated—and one can credit its current presentation with honorable intentions at least—still shines through.

FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

The Producers is a trivial and largely unsuccessful slapstick comedy so complex as to plot and so stocked with only partly relevant incident that if I were to go into detail sufficient to make the action intelligible, it would take more space than the occasion warrants. So readers will have to accept much of what follows on faith—unless they care to check on me by seeing the picture themselves, a course I do not recommend.

Zero Mostel, playing a Broadway producer in decline, is given the larcenous idea of raising a great deal more money than he needs to produce a play, finding a script that is certain to flop, thus wiping out the backers' equity, and skipping the country with the balance of the kitty before the tax auditors catch up with him. Of course, if he intends to skip, there is no reason to put on a play of any sort; and again of course, anyone in show business knows you cannot raise money for an unspecified production (Mostel does it by being irresistible to lecherous old women). But plausibility is not a requirement of popular farce (*Three Men on a Horse, The Captain's Paradise, Charley's Aunt).* What is required is a steadily accelerating rhythm of belly laughs, and in this respect *The Producers* is worse than disappointing, it is frustrating to the point of physical distress. At least, I find two hours of aborted laughter a strain on the system.

Oddly, Mostel's great talent creates the discomfort. He is probably the great-

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est comic actor of the day, having combined a grotesque body and a demonic behavior with clear evidence of a brilliant and sophisticated mind to create numberless variations on the anomalies of human personality. If he were not in this film, there would be no reason to anticipate hilarity, but as it is he employs his prodigious energy to build the tension for one ecstatic explosion after another, only to have the climaxes misfire from some ineptitude of plot or inadequacy of supporting performance.

Thus, the play he finds, *Springtime for Hitler*, is marvelously promising, and its mad author, a still-fanatic subject of the *Führer* now raising pigeons on the lower East Side of New York, is played with splendid paranoia by Kenneth Mars. But when it is produced for the first-night audience, the show is an anticlimax. The opening scene, to be sure, is a very funny production number, its unrestrained bad taste kidding the corn of Broadway polish, but the following scene, when the theatre audience comes suddenly to life (thus destroying Mostel's con game), is so inane that the premise of the film collapses on the spot.

Thus also, Gene Wilder, who has the second major role as Mostel's co-conspirator, has been coached by Mel Brooks, author and director, in no response but petulance. Every time the camera switches from the fat man to the pale man, the laughter is snatched from your throat.

Lacking other inspiration (Mostel's tumbling of ready old ladies is not subject to much elaboration within the bounds of the most permissive taste), *The Producers* relies heavily on homosexuality. The theory is, presumably, that the sight of a man twitching his hips will infallibly knock a middle-class audience into the aisles. It used to be so—the anxious laughter booming hollowly through the house—but the dodge has been used too often of late to guarantee the old automatic response. And when flagrant mincing and eye-flapping is harped on as a major support of the jollification, the effect becomes mean, turning the theatre into a kind of bear pit. There is a homosexual way of being funny, but the assumption that it is inherently funny is as compassionate as milking laughs out of a cleft palate or a withered arm.

The last thing on earth that Zero Mostel needs for the display of his talents is a second-rate scenario. Next time, if he can't get a good script and a director who understands what he can say about the human species, he should come on screen as himself and improvise. Indeed, it's a good idea.

The book, *Up the Junction*, is a series of articles by Nell Dunn, most of which appeared first in the *New Statesman*, and which recorded the life she had found living and working with the factory girls of Battersea. The movie of *Up the Junction* centers on Miss Dunn, here called Polly and played by Susy Kendall, as a rich girl who has moved across the river from Chelsea to escape the hypocrisy of her parents' life and to share in the warm, colorful reality of the poor. She is no longer a writer (though the ghost of Miss Dunn is eerily suggested by passages in which Miss Kendall engages in what appears to be "observing"; that is, she abruptly turns catatonic and can be seen to "drink in" the atmosphere), and lord knows she is not interested in improving the conditions of the poor. She is an idiot (and this is rough on Miss Kendall, who is forced to say asinine things in a deeply thoughtful manner) who thinks that since the rich are miserable the poor must be having a ball. Watching her education at the hands of a van-driving boy friend is tedious at best, and infuriating if you know the savage, witty and heartbreaking documents from which the malarky is derived. A particularly irritating habit of the film is to derive "copy" from incidents in Miss Dunn's chronicles, but to pass them over without ever getting to the essence of what she was describing.

Otherwise, the picture is another in the current British working-class parade —filled with brutal detail but oddly polished and expensive looking. Are the "rock" bands up Clapham Junction way really that good, do the birds really wear their frippery with so much style, are the houses that clean and the boys that handsome (no bad teeth, no dandruff)? I begin to suspect that British film interests have built a Potemkin slum somewhere outside of London, for the use of directors interested in filming the lower depths under hygienic conditions. The director of this example was Peter Collinson.

Movies are booming in Eastern Europe, but that would be a poor reason to buy the product sight unseen. Something of the sort must have happened with *I Even Met Happy Gypsies*, a Yugoslav import that is first cousin to a Romany encampment at Radio City Music Hall. These gypsies, to be sure, play rough with knives and women and clomp about surrounded by great flocks of geese (they traffic in feathers) and up to their knees in mud. But it is still much ado about nonsense, crudely motivated, stiffly acted, morosely photographed and directed in a style of ill-connected short takes with mawkish regard for a steamy countryside. The bloodletting and lechery are punctuated by picturesque weddings, funerals and café scenes; there are gypsy fiddlers and a sultry singer who performs in a low register with much flinging of raven hair. One inexplicable scene has village maidens waltzing in couples on the mucky street while a man on a white horse curvets among them.

The hero, Bekim Fehmiu, much resembles Belmondo, and has capitalized on this good fortune by adopting some of the Frenchman's mannerisms. Even at second hand, it is instructive to see how Belmondo handles the ladies. Or so it seemed in the meagre context of *Happy Gypsies*.

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